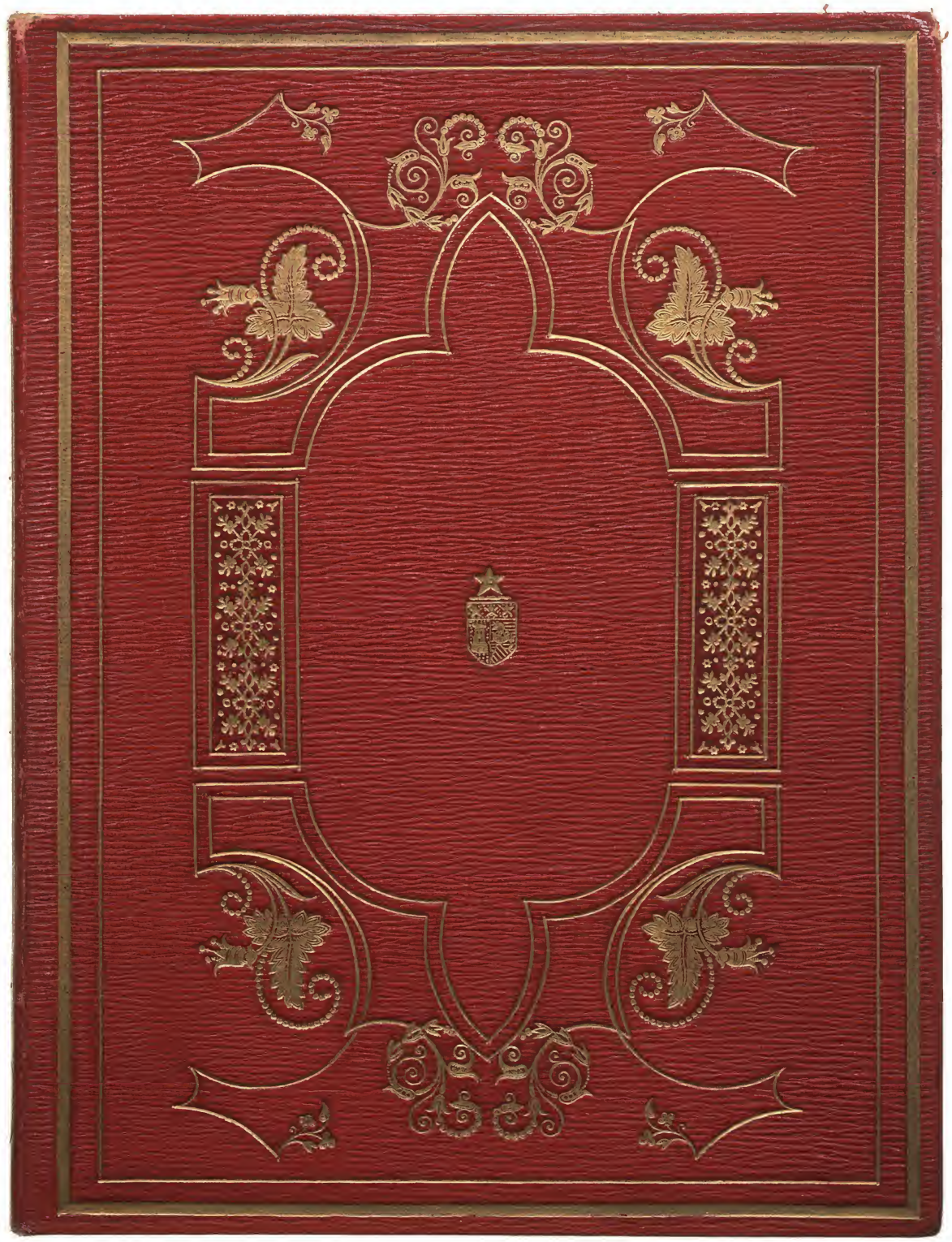

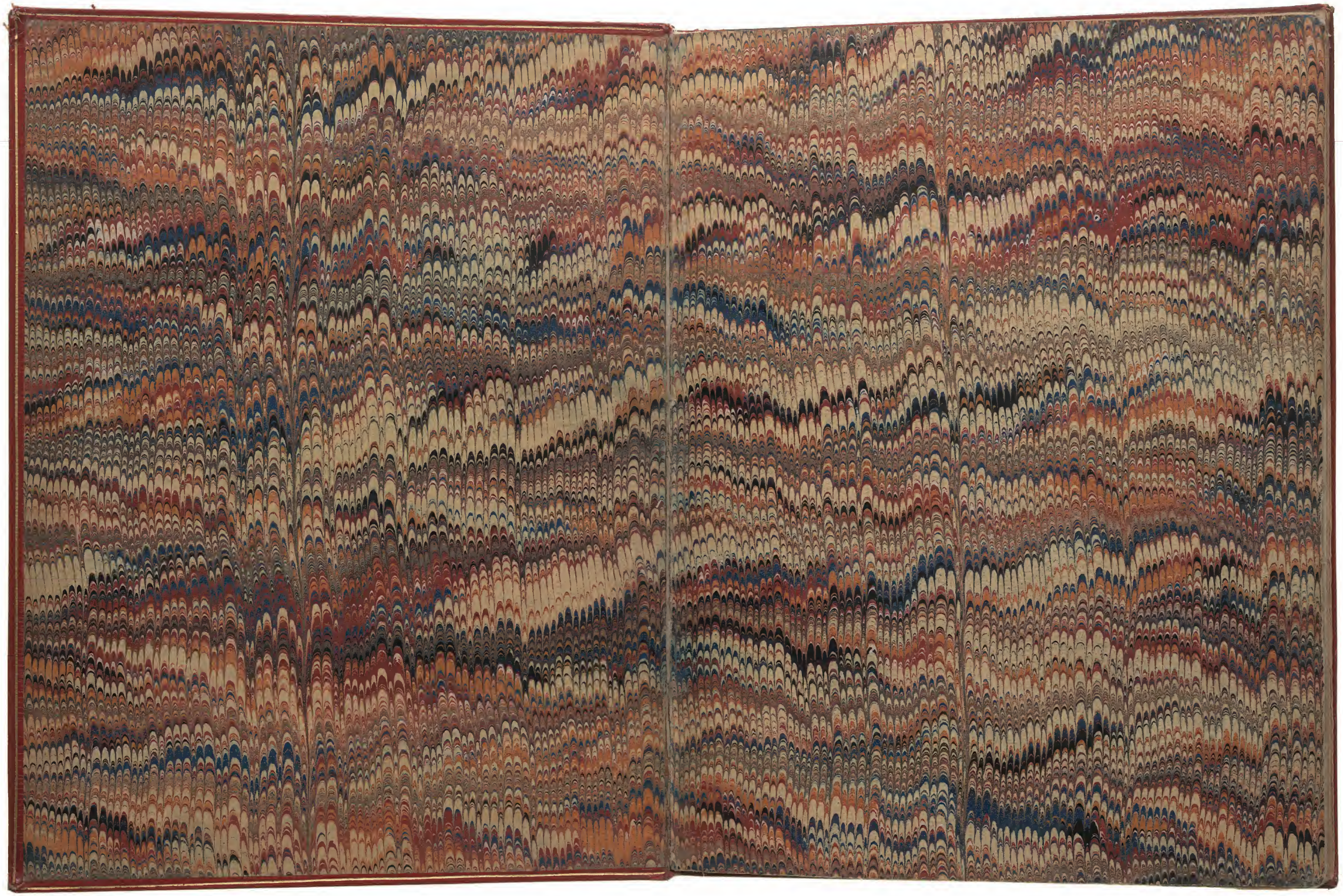

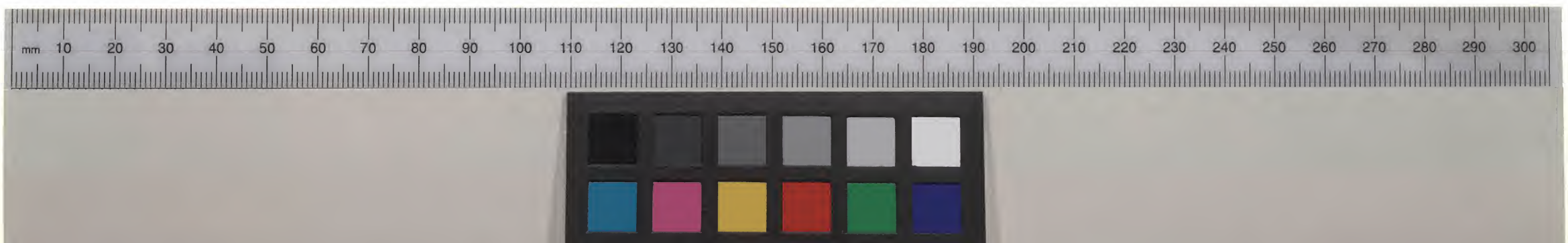
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K. Shakspeare.

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M. VVilliam Shake-ſpeare, *HIS* True Chronicle Hiſtory of the life and death of King *Lear*, and his *three Daughters*.

With the vnfortunate life of EDGAR, ſonne and heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and *his ſullen and aſſumed humour of* TOM of Bedlam.

As it was plaid before the Kings Maieſty at White-Hall, vpon S. Stephens night, in Chriſtmas Hollidaies.

By his Maieſties Seruants, playing vſually at the *Globe* on the *Banck-ſide*.

Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*. 1608.

M. VVilliam Shake-ſpeare
HIS
Hiſtory, of King Lear.

Enter Kent, Gloceſter, and Baſtard.

Kent.

I Thought the King had more affected the Duke of *Albeney* then *Cornewall.*

Gloſt. It did alwaies ſeeme ſo to vs, but now in the diuiſion of the Kingdomes, it appeares not which of the Dukes he values moſt, for equalities are ſo weighed, that curioſity in neither, can make choiſe of eithers moytie.

Kent. Is not this your ſonne, my Lord?

Gloſt. His breeding ſir hath beene at my charge. I haue ſo often bluſht to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to it.

Kent. I cannot conceiue you.

Gloſt. Sir, this young fellowes mother could, whereupon ſhe grew round wombed, and had indeed Sir a ſonne for her Cradle, ere ſhe had a husband for her bed, do you ſmell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wiſh the fault vndone, the iſſue of it being ſo proper.

Glo. But I haue ſir a ſonne by order of Law, ſome yeare elder then this, who yet is no deerer in my account, though this knaue came ſomething sawcely into the world before he was ſent for, yet was his mother faire, there was good ſport at his making, & the whoreſon muſt be acknowledged, do you know this noble gentleman, *Edmund*?

Baſt. No my Lord.

Glo. My Lord of *Kent*, remember him heereafter as my honourable friend.

Baſt. My ſeruices to your Lordſhip.

Kent. I muſt loue you, and ſue to know you better.

Baſt. Sir, I ſhall ſtudy deſeruing.

Glo. He hath beene out nine yeares, and away he ſhall again, the King is comming.

Sound a Sennet, Enter one bearing a Coronet, then Lear, then the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, next Gonorill, Regan, Cordelia, with followers.

Lear. Attend my Lords of *France* and *Burgundy*, *Gloſter*.

Gloſt. I ſhall my Liege.

Lear. Meane time we will expreſſe our darker purpoſes,
The Map there; know we haue diuided
In three our Kingdome; and tis our firſt intent,
To ſhake all cares and buſineſſe of our ſtate,
Confirming them on younger yeares,
The two great Princes, *France* and *Burgundy*,
Great Riuals in our youngeſt daughters loue,
Long in our Court haue made their amorous ſoiourne,
And here are to be anſwer'd; tell me my daughters,
Which of you ſhall we ſay doth loue vs moſt,
That we our largeſt bounty may extend,
Where merit doth moſt challenge it:
Gonorill our eldeſt borne, ſpeake firſt.

Gon. Sir, I do loue you more then words can wield the matter,
Dearer then eye-ſight, ſpace, or liberty,
Beyond what can be valued rich or rare,
No leſſe then life; with grace, health, beauty, honour,
As much a childe ere loued, or father friend,
A loue that makes breath poore, and ſpeech vnable,
Beyond all manner of ſo much I loue you.

Cor. What ſhall *Cordelia* do, loue and be ſilent.

Lear. Of all theſe bounds, euen from this line to this,
With ſhady Forreſts, and wide skirted Meads,
We make thee Lady, to thine and *Albanies* iſſue,

Be this perpetuall. What ſaies our ſecond daughter?
Our deereſt *Regan*, wife to *Cornwall*, ſpeake.

Reg. Sir I am made of the ſelfe-ſame mettall that my ſiſter is.
And prize me at her worth in my true heart,
I finde ſhe names my very deed of loue, onely ſhee came ſhort,
That I profeſſe my ſelfe an enemy to all other ioyes,
Which the moſt precious ſquare of ſence poſſeſſes,
And finde I am alone felicitate in your deere highneſſe loue.

Cor. Then poore *Cordelia*, and yet not ſo, ſince I am ſure
My loue's more richer then my tongue.

Lear. To thee and thine hereditary euer
Remaine this ample third of our faire kingdome,
No leſſe in ſpace, validity, and pleaſure,
Then that confirm'd on *Gonorill*; but now our ioy,
Although the laſt, not leaſt in our deere loue,
What can you ſay to win a third, more opulent
Then your ſiſters.

Cor. Nothing my Lord.

Lear. How, nothing can come of nothing, ſpeake againe.

Cor. Vnhappy that I am, I cannot heaue my heart into my mouth, I loue your Maieſty according to my bond, nor more nor leſſe.

Lear. Go too, go too, mend your ſpeech a little,
Leaſt it may marre your fortunes.

Cord. Good my Lord,
You haue begot me, bred me, loued me,
I returne thoſe duties backe as are right fit,
Obey you, loue you, and moſt honour you,
Why haue my ſiſters husbands, if they ſay they loue you all,
Haply when I ſhall wed, that Lord whoſe hand
Muſt take my plight, ſhall carry halfe my loue with him,
Halfe my care and duty, ſure I ſhall neuer
Marry like my ſiſters, to loue my father all.

Lear. But goes this with thy heart?

Cor. I good my Lord.

Lear. So young and ſo vntender?

Cor. So young my Lord, and true.

Lear. Well let it be ſo, thy truth then be thy dower,
For by the ſacred radience of the Sunne,
The miſtreſſe of *Hecat*, and the might,
By all the operation of the Orbes,
From whom we do exiſt and ceaſe to be,
Heere I diſclaime all my paternall care,
Propinquity and property of bloud,
And as a ſtranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for euer, the barbarous *Scythian*,
Or he that makes his generation
Meſſes to gorge his appetite,
Shall be as well neighbour'd, pitied and releeued,
As thou my ſome-time daughter.

Kent. Good my Liege.

Lear. Peace *Kent*, come not betweene the Dragon and his (wrath
I lou'd her moſt, and thought to ſet my reſt
On her kinde nurſery, hence and auoid my ſight:
So be my graue my peace as heere I giue,
Her fathers heart from her; call *France*, who ſtirres?
Call *Burgundy*, *Cornwall*, and *Albany*,
With my two daughters dower digeſt this third,
Let pride, which ſhe cals plainneſſe, marry her:
I do inueſt you ioyntly in my power,
Preheminence, and all the large effects
That troope with Maieſty, our ſelfe by monthly courſe
With reſeruation of an hundred Knights,
By you to be ſuſtain'd, ſhall our abode
Make with you by due turnes, onely we ſtill retaine
The name and all the additions to a King,
The ſway, reuenue, execution of the reſt,
Beloued ſonnes be yours, which to confirme,
This Coronet part betwixt you.

Kent. Royall *Lear*,
Whom I haue euer honor'd as my King,
Loued as my Father, as my Maſter followed,
As my great Patron thought on in my praiers.

Lear. The bow is bent and drawne, make from the ſhaft.

Kent.

Kent. Let it fall rather,
Though the forke inuade the region of my heart,
Be *Kent* vnmannerly, when *Lear* is mad,
What wilt thou do old man, think'ſt thou that duty
Shall haue dread to ſpeake, when power to flattery bowes,
To plainneſſe honours bound, when Maieſty ſtoops to folly,
Reuerſe thy doome, and in thy beſt conſideration
Checke this hideous raſhneſſe, anſwer my life,
My iudgement, thy yongeſt daughter does not loue thee leaſt,
Nor are thoſe empty hearted, whoſe low ſound
Reuerbs no hollowneſſe.

Lear. Kent, on thy life no more.

Kent. My life I neuer held but as a pawne
To wage againſt thy enemies, nor feare to loſe it,
Thy ſafety being the motiue.

Lear. Out of my ſight.

Kent. See better *Lear*, and let me ſtill remaine
The true blanke of thine eie.

Lear. Now by *Apollo*———

Kent. Now by *Apollo*, King thou ſwear'ſt thy Gods in vaine.

Lear. Vaſſall, recreant.

Kent. Do, kill thy Phyſition,
And the fee beſtow vpon the foule diſeaſe,
Reuoke thy doome, or whilſt I can vent clamour
From my throat, ile tell thee thou doſt euill.

Lear. Heare me, on thy alleigeance heare me;
Since thou haſt ſought to make vs breake our vow,
Which we durſt neuer yet; and with ſtraied pride,
To come betweene our ſentence and our power,
Which, nor our nature, nor our place can beare,
Our potency make good, take thy reward,
Foure dayes we do allot thee for prouiſion,
To ſhield thee from diſeaſes of the world,
And on the fift to turne thy hated backe
Vpon our kingdome; if on the tenth day following,
Thy baniſht trunke be found in our Dominions,
The moment is thy death, away.

By

By *Iupiter*, this ſhall not be reuokt.
Kent. Why fare thee well King, ſince thou wilt appeare,
Friendſhip liues hence, and baniſhment is here;
The Gods to their protection take the maid,
That rightly thinkes, and hath moſt iuſtly ſaid,
And your large ſpeeches may your deeds approue,
That good effects may ſpring from words of loue:
Thus *Kent*, O Princes, bids you all adew,
Hee'l ſhape his old courſe in a Country new.

Enter France and Burgundy with Glocester.

Glo. Heer's *France* and *Burgundy*, my noble Lord.
Lear. My Lord or *Burgundy*, we firſt addreſſe towards you,
Who with a King hath riuald for our daughter,
What in the leaſt will you require in preſent
Dower with her, or ceaſe your queſt of loue?
Burg. Roiall Maieſty, I craue no more then what
Your Highneſſe offered, nor will you tender leſſe?
Lear. Right noble *Burgundy*, when ſhe was deare to vs,
We did hold her ſo, but now her price is fallen;
Sir, there ſhe ſtands, if ought within that little
Seeming ſubſtance, or all of it with our diſpleaſure peec'ſt,
And nothing elſe may fitly like your Grace,
Shee's there, and ſhe is yours.
Burg. I know no anſwer.
Lear. Sir, will you with thoſe infirmities ſhe owes,
Vnfriended, new adopted to our hate,
Couered with our curſe, and ſtranger'd with our oath,
Take her or leaue her.
Burg. Pardon me royall ſir, election makes not vp
On ſuch conditions.
Lear. Then leaue her ſir, for by the power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth. For you great King,
I would not from your loue make ſuch a ſtray,
To match you where I hate, therefore beſeech you,
To auert your liking a more worthier way,
Then on a wretch whom Nature is aſham'd
Almoſt to acknowledge hers.

Fran.

Fra. This is moſt ſtrange, that ſhe that euen but now
Was your beſt obiect, the argument of your praiſe,
Balme of your age, moſt beſt, moſt deereſt,
Should in this trice of time commit a thing
So monſtrous, to diſmantle ſo many foulds of fauour,
Sure her offence muſt be of ſuch vnnaturall degree,
That monſters it, or you for voucht affections
Falne into taint, which to beleeue of her
Muſt be a faith that reaſon without miracle
Could neuer plaint in me.
Cord. I yet beſeech your Maieſty,
If for I want that glib and oily Art,
To ſpeake and purpoſe not, ſince what I well intend,
Ile do't before I ſpeake, that you may know
It is no vicious blot, murder, or fouleneſſe,
No vncleane action or diſhonoured ſtep
That hath depriu'd me of your grace and fauour,
But euen for want of that, for which I am rich,
A ſtill ſoliciting eye, and ſuch a tongue,
As I am glad I haue not, though not to haue it,
Hath loſt me in your liking.
Lear. Go to, goe to, better thou hadſt not bene borne,
Then not to haue pleas'd me better.
Fran. Is it no more but this, a tardineſſe in nature,
That often leaues the hiſtory vnſpoke that it intends to do,
My Lord of *Burgundy*, what ſay you to the Lady?
Loue is not loue when it is mingled with reſpects that ſtands
Aloofe from the entire point, will you haue her?
She is her ſelfe and dower.
Burg. Royall *Lear*, giue but that portion
Which your ſelfe propos'd, and here I take
Cordelia by the hand, Dutcheſſe of *Burgundy*.
Lear. Nothing, I haue ſworne.
Burg. I am ſorry then you haue ſo loſt a father,
That you muſt loſe a husband.
Cord. Peace be with *Burgundy*, ſince that reſpects
Of fortune are his loue, I ſhall not be his wife.

Fran.

Fran. Faireſt *Cordelia*, that art moſt rich being poore,
Moſt choiſe forſaken, and moſt loued deſpis'd,
Thee and thy vertues heere I ſeize vpon,
Be it lawfull I take vp what's caſt away.
Gods, Gods! tis ſtrange, that from their cold'ſt neglect,
My loue ſhould kindle to enflam'd reſpect,
Thy dowreleſſe daughter King, throwne to thy chance,
Is Queene of vs, of ours, and our faire *France*:
Not all the Dukes in warriſh *Burgundy*,
Shall buy this vnpriz'd precious maid of me.
Bid them farwell *Cordelia*, though vnkinde
Thou loſeſt heere, a better where to finde.
Lear. Thou haſt her *France*, let her be thine,
For we haue no ſuch daughter, nor ſhall euer ſee
That face of hers againe, therefore be gone, (*gundy*.
Without our grace, our loue, our benizon: come noble *Bur-*
Exit Lear and Burgundy.

Fran. Bid farwell to your ſiſters.
Cord. The Iewels of our Father,
With waſht eyes *Cordelia* leaues you, I know you what you are,
And like a ſiſter am moſt loth to call your faults
As they are named, vſe well our Father,
To your profeſſed boſomes I commit him,
But yet alaſſe, ſtood I within his grace,
I would preferre him to a better place;
So farwell to you both.
Gonorill. Preſcribe not vs our duties.
Regan. Let your ſtudy be to content your Lord,
Who hath receiu'd you at Fortunes almes,
You haue obedience ſcanted,
And well are worth the worth that you haue wanted.
Cord. Time ſhall vnfold what pleated cunning hides,
Who couers faults, at laſt ſhame them derides:
Well may you proſper.
Fran. Come faire *Cordelia*. *Exit France and Cord.*
Gon. Siſter, it is not a little I haue to ſay,
Of what moſt neerely appertaines to vs both,

I thinke our father will hence to night.
Reg. That's moſt certaine, and with you, next month with vs.
Gon. You ſee how full of changes his age is, the obſeruation we haue made of it hath not beene little; he alwaies loued our ſiſter moſt, and with what poore iudgement hee hath now caſt her off, appeares too groſſe.
Reg. Tis the infirmity of his age, yet he hath euer but ſlenderly knowne himſelfe.
Gono. The beſt and ſoundeſt of his time hath bin but raſh, then muſt we looke to receiue frō his age, not alone the imperfection of long ingrafted condition, but therwithal vnruly waiwardnes, that infirme and cholericke yeares bring with them.
Reg. Such vnconſtant ſtars are we like to haue from him, as this of *Kents* baniſhment.
Gono. There is further complement of leaue taking between *France* and him, pray lets hit together, if our Father cary authority with ſuch diſpoſitions as he beares, this laſt ſurrender of his will but offend vs.
Regan. We ſhall further thinke on't.
Gon. We muſt do ſomething, and it'h heate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſtard ſolus.

Baſt. Thou Nature art my Goddeſſe, to thy law my ſeruices are bound, wherefore ſhould I ſtand in the plague of cuſtome, and permit the curioſity of Nations to depriue me, for that I am ſome 12. or 14. moone-ſhines lag of a brother: why baſtard? wherefore baſe, when my dementions are as well compact, my minde as generous, & my ſhape as true as honeſt madams iſſue, why brand they vs with baſe, baſe baſtardy? who in the luſty ſtealth of nature, take more compoſition and fierce quality, then doth within a ſtale dull lied bed, goe to the creating of a whole tribe of fops got tweene ſleepe and wake; well the legitimate *Edgar*, I muſt haue your land, our Fathers loue is to the baſtard *Edmund*, as to the legitimate: well my legitimate, if this letter ſpeed, and my inuention thriue, *Edmund* the baſe ſhall tooth'legitimate: I grow, I proſper, now Gods ſtand vp for Baſtards.

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. *Kent* baniſht thus, and *France* in choller parted, and

the King gone to night, ſubſcrib'd his power, confined to exhibition, all this done vpon the gad; *Edmund*, how now, what newes?

Baſt. So pleaſe your Lordſhip, none.

Gloſt. Why ſo earneſtly ſeeke you to put vp that letter?

Baſt. I know no newes, my Lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Baſt. Nothing my Lord.

Gloſt. No, what needs then that terrible diſpatch of it into your pocket, the quality of nothing hath not ſuch need to hide it ſelfe, lets ſee, come if it be nothing I ſhal not need ſpectacles.

Baſt. I beſeech you ſir pardon me, it is a Letter from my brother, that I haue not all ore read, for ſo much as I haue peruſed, I finde it not fit for your liking.

Gloſt. Giue me the letter ſir.

Baſt. I ſhall offend, either to detaine or giue it, the contents as in part I vnderſtand them, are too blame.

Glo. Lets ſee, Lets ſee.

Baſt. I hope for my brothers iuſtification, he wrote this but as an eſſay, or taſte of my vertue. *A Letter.*

Gloſt. This policy of age makes the world bitter to the beſt of our times, keepes our fortunes from vs till our oldneſſe cannot relliſh them, I begin to finde an idle and fond bondage in the oppreſſion of aged tyranny, who ſwaies not as it hath power, but as it is ſuffered, come to mee, that of this I may ſpeake more; if our Father would ſleepe till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew for euer, and liue the beloued of your brother *Edgar*.

Hum, conſpiracy, ſlept till I wakt him, you ſhould enioy halfe his reuenew: my ſonne *Edgar*, had he a hand to write this, a hart and braine to breed it in? when came this to you, who brought it?

Baſt. It was not brought me my Lord, there's the cunuing of it, I found it throwne in at the caſement of my Cloſet.

Gloſt. You know the carracter to be your brothers?

Baſt. If the matter were good, my Lord, I durſt ſweare it were his, but in reſpect of that, I would faine think it were not.

Gloſt.

Gloſt. Is it his?

Baſt. It is his hand my Lord, but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

Gloſt. Hath he neuer heeretofore ſounded you in this buſineſſe?

Baſt. Neuer my Lord, but I haue often heard him maintaine it to be fit, that ſonnes at perfit age, and fathers declining, his father ſhould be as Ward to the ſonne, and the ſonne mannage the reuenew.

Gloſt. O villaine, villaine, his very opinion in the Letter, abhorrid villaine, vnnaturall deteſted bruitiſh villaine, worſe then bruitiſh, go ſir ſeeke him; I, apprehend him, abhominable villaine, where is he?

Baſt. I do not well know my Lord, if it ſhall pleaſe you to ſuſpend your indignation againſt my brother, till you can deriue from him better teſtimony of this intent, you ſhal runnne a certaine courſe, where if you violently proceed againſt him, miſtaking his purpoſe, it would make a great gap in your owne honour, and ſhake in peeces the heart of his obedience, I dare pawne downe my life for him, hee hath wrote this to feele my affection to your Honour, and to no further pretence of danger.

Gloſt. Thinke you ſo?

Baſt. If your Honour iudge it meete, I will place you where you ſhall heare vs conferre of this, and by an aurigular aſſurance haue your ſatisfaction, and that without any further delay then this very euening.

Gloſt. He cannot be ſuch a monſter.

Baſt. Nor is not ſure.

Gloſt. To his father, that ſo tenderly and entirely loues him: heauen and earth! *Edmund* ſeeke him out, winde me into him, I pray you frame your buſines after your owne wiſedome, I wold vnſtate my ſelfe ro be in a due reſolution.

Baſt. I ſhall ſeeke him ſir preſently, conuey the buſineſſe as I ſhall ſee meanes, and acquaint you withall.

Glo. Theſe late Eclipſes in the Sunne and Moone, portend no good to vs, though the wiſedome of nature can reaſon thus and thus, yet nature findes it ſelfe ſcourg'd by the ſequent effects,

loue cooles, friendſhip fals off, brothers diuide, in Cities mutinies, in Countries diſcords, Pallaces treaſon, the bond crackt betweene ſonne and father; finde out this villaine, *Edmund* it ſhall loſe thee nothing, do it carefully; and the noble and true hearted *Kent* baniſht, his offence honeſt; ſtrange, ſtrange!

Baſt. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are ſicke in Fortune, often the ſurfet of our owne behauiour, we make guilty of our diſaſters, the Sunne, the Moone, and the ſtars, as if we were villaines by neceſſity, fooles by heauenly compulſion, knaues, theeues, and trecherers by ſpirituall predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforc'ſt obedience of planitary influence, and all that we are euill in, by a diuine thruſting on, an admirable euaſion of whore-maſter man, to lay his goatiſh diſpoſition to the charge of ſtars; my Father compounded with my Mother vnder the Dragons taile, & my natiuity was vnder *Vrſa maior*, ſo that it followes I am rough & lecherous; Fut, I ſhould haue beene that I am, had the maidenleſt ſtarre of the Firmament twinckled on my baſtardy; *Edgar*,

Enter Edgar.

& out he comes like the Cataſtrophe of the old Comedy, mine is villanous melancholy, with a ſigh like them of *Bedlam*; O theſe Eccliſpes do portend theſe diuiſions.

Edgar. How now brother *Edmund*, what ſerious contemplation are you in?

Baſt. I am thinking brother of a prediction I read this other day, what ſhould follow theſe Eccliſpes.

Edg. Doe you buſie your ſelfe about that?

Baſt. I promiſe you the effects he writ of, ſucceed vnhappily, as of vnnaturalneſſe betweene the childe and the parent, death, dearth, diſſolutions of ancient armies, diuiſions in ſtate, menaces and maledictions againſt King and Nobles, needleſſe diffidences, baniſhment of friends, diſſipation of Cohorts, nuptiall breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long haue you bin a ſectary Aſtronomicall?

Baſt. Come, come, when ſaw you my father laſt?

Edg. Why the night gone by.

Baſt. Spake you with him?

Two

Edg. Two houres together.

Baſt. Parted you in good tearmes? found you no diſpleaſure in him by word or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Baſt. Bethinke your ſelfe wherein you may haue offended him, and at my entreaty, forbeare his preſence, till ſome little time hath qualified the heate of his diſpleaſure, which at this inſtant ſo rageth in him, that with the miſchiefe of your perſon it would ſcarſe allay.

Edg. Some villaine hath done me wrong.

Baſt. That's my feare brother, I aduiſe you to the beſt, goe arm'd, I am no honeſt man if there be any good meaning towards you, I haue told you what I haue ſeen & heard, but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it; pray you away.

Edg. Shall I heare from you anon? *Exit Edgar.*

Baſt. I do ſerue you in this buſineſſe:
A credulous Father, and a brother noble,
Whoſe nature is ſo farre from doing harmes,
That he ſuſpects none, on whoſe fooliſh honeſty
My practiſes ride eaſie, I ſee the buſineſſe,
Let me if not by birth, haue lands by wit,
All with me's meete, that I can faſhion fit. *Exit.*

Enter Gonorill and a Gentleman.

Gon. Did my Farher ſtrike my gentleman for chiding of his foole?

Gent. Yes Madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me,
Euery houre he flaſhes into one groſſe crime or other,
That ſets vs all at ods, Ile not endure it;
His knights grow riotous, and himſelfe vpbraids vs
On euery trifle when he returnes from hunting,
I will not ſpeake with him, ſay I am ſicke,
If you come ſlacke of former ſeruices,
You ſhall do well, the fault of it Ile anſwer.

Gent. Hee's comming Madam, I heare him.

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you pleaſe, you and your fellow-ſeruants, Ide haue it come in queſtion, if he diſlike it, let him

him to our ſiſter, whoſe minde & mine I know in that are one, not to be ouer-rulde; idle olde man that ſtill would manage thoſe authorities that he hath giuen away, now by my life olde fooles are babes againe, and muſt be vſed with checkes as flatteries, when they are ſeene abus'd, remember what I tell you.

Gent. Very well, Madam.

Gon. And let his Knights haue colder lookes among you, what growes of it no matter, aduiſe your fellowes ſo, I would breed from hence occaſions, and I ſhall, that I may ſpeake, Ile write ſtraight to my ſiſter to hold my very courſe; goe prepare for dinner. *Exit.*

Enter Kent.

Ken. If but as well I other accents borrow, that can my ſpeech defuſe, my good intent may carry through it ſelfe to that ful iſſue for which I raizd my likeneſſe; now baniſht *Kent*, if thou canſt ſerue where thou doſt ſtand condemn'd, thy maſter whom thou loueſt, ſhall finde the full of labour.

Enter Lear.

Lear. Let me not ſtay a iot for dinner, goe get it ready: how now, what art thou?

Kent. A man ſir.

Lear. What doſt thou profeſſe? what wouldſt thou with vs?

Kent. I doe profeſſe to bee no leſſe then I ſeeme, to ſerue him truely that wil put me in truſt, to loue him that is honeſt, to conuerſe with him that is wiſe and ſaies little, to feare iudgement, to fight when I cannot chuſe, and to eate no fiſh.

Lear. What art thou?

Kent. A very honeſt hearted fellow, and as poore as the King.

Lear. If thou be as poore for a ſubiect, as he is for a king, thou art poore enough, what wouldſt thou?

Kent. Seruice. *Lear.* Who wouldſt thou ſerue?

Kent. You. *Lear.* Doſt thou know me fellow?

Kent. No ſir, but you haue that in your countenance, which I would faine call Maſter.

Lear. What's that? *Kent.* Authority.

Lear. What ſeruices canſt thou do?

Kent. I can keepe honeſt counſaile, ride, run, marre a curious tale

tale in telling it, and deliuer a plaine meſſage bluntly, that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the beſt of me, is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou?

Kent. Not ſo young to loue a woman for ſinging, nor ſo old to dote on her for any thing, I haue yeares on my backe forty eight.

Lear. Follow me, thou ſhalt ſerue me, if I like thee no worſe after dinner, I will not part from thee yet; dinner ho, dinner, where's my knaue, my foole, goe you and call my foole hether, you ſirra, where's my daughter?

Enter Steward.

Steward. So pleaſe you———

Lear. What ſaies the fellow there? call the clat-pole backe, where's my foole? ho, I thinke the world's aſleepe, how now, where's that mungrell?

Kent. He ſaies my Lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the ſlaue backe to me when I call'd him?

Seruant. Sir, he anſwered me in the roundeſt mannner, hee would not.

Lear. He would not?

Seruant. My Lord, I know not what the matter is, but to my iudgement, your Highneſſe is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont, there's a great abatement appeares as well in the generall dependants, as in the Duke himſelfe alſo, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha, ſaiſt thou ſo?

Seruant. I beſeech you pardon me my Lord, if I be miſtaken, for my duty cannot be ſilent, when I thinke your Highneſſe is wrong'd.

Lear. Thou but remembreſt me of mine owne conception, I haue perceiued a moſt faint neglect of late, which I haue rather blamed as mine owne iealous curioſity, then as a very pretence and purport of vnkindnes; I will look further into it, but wher's this foole? I haue not ſeene him this two daies.

Seruant. Since my young Ladies going into *France* ſir, the foole hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I haue noted it, goe you and tell my

 daughter

daughter, I would ſpeake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you ſir, you ſir, come you hither, who am I ſir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreſon dog, you ſlaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beſeech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you raſcall?

Stew. Ile not be ſtrucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you baſe football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou ſeru'ſt me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come ſir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will meaſure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wiſedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earneſt of thy ſeruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how doſt thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were beſt take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canſt not ſmile as the winde ſits, thou't catch colde ſhortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath baniſht two of his daughters, and done the third a bleſſing againſt his will, if thou follow him, thou muſt needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my ſelfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed ſirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that muſt to kennell, he muſt bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may ſtand by the fire and ſtinke.

Lear. A peſtilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a ſpeech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vncle; haue more then thou ſheweſt, ſpeake leſſe then thou knoweſt, lend leſſe then thou oweſt, ride more then

thou goeſt, learne more then thou troweſt, ſet leſſe then thou throweſt, leaue thy drinke and thy whore, and keepe in a doore, and thou ſhalt haue more, then two tens to a ſcore.

Lear. This is nothing foole.

Foole. Then like the breath of an vnfeed Lawyer, you gaue me nothing for it; can you make no vſe of nothing Vncle?

Lear. Why no boy, nothing can be made out of nothing.

Foole. Prethee tell him, ſo much the rent of his land comes to, he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Doſt thou know the difference my boy, betweene a bitter foole, and a ſweete foole.

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That Lord that counſaild thee to giue away thy Land,
Come place him heere by me, do thou for him ſtand,
The ſweete and bitter foole will preſently appeare,
The one in motley here, the other found out there.

Lear. Doſt thou call me foole boy?

Foole. Al thy other Titles thou haſt giuen away, that thou waſt borne with.

Kent. This is not altogether foole my Lord.

Foole. No faith, Lords and great men will not let me, if I had a monopolie out, they would haue part on't, and lodes too, they will not let me haue all foole to my ſelfe, thei'l be ſnatching; giue me an egge Nunckle, and ile giue thee two crownes.

Lear. What two crownes ſhall they be?

Foole. Why after I haue cut the egge in the middle and eate vp the meate, the two crownes of the egge: when thou cloueſt thy crowne in the middle, and gaueſt away both parts, thou boreſt thy aſſe on thy back ore the dirt, thou hadſt little wit in thy bald crowne, when thou gaueſt thy golden one away; if I ſpeak like my ſelfe in this, let him be whipt that firſt findes it ſo.
Fooles had nere leſſe wit in a yeare,
For wiſe men are growne foppiſh,
They know not how their wits do weare,
Their manners are ſo apiſh.

Lear. When were you wont to be ſo full of ſongs ſirra?

Foole. I haue vſed it Nuncle, euer ſince thou mad'ſt thy daughters thy mother, for when thou gaueſt them the rod, and putſt downe thine owne breeches, then they for ſudden ioy did weep, and I for ſorrow ſung, that ſuch a King ſhould play bo-peepe, and goe the fooles among: prethee Nunckle keepe a ſchoolemaſter that can teach thy foole to lie, I would faine learne to lie.

Lear. If you lie, wee'l haue you whipt.

Foole. I maruell what kin thou and thy daughters are, they'l haue me whipt for ſpeaking true, thou wilt haue mee whipt for lying, and ſometime I am whipt for holding my peace, I had rather be any kinde of thing then a foole, and yet I would not bee thee Nunckle, thou haſt pared thy wit a both ſides, and left nothing in the middle; heere comes one of the parings.

Enter Gonorill.

Lear. How now daughter, what makes that Frontlet on,
Me-thinkes you are too much alate it'h frowne.

Foole. Thou waſt a pretty fellow when thou hadſt no neede to care for her frowne, thou, thou art an O without a figure, I am better then thou art now, I am a foole, thou art nothing, yes forſooth I will hold my tongue, ſo your face bids me, though you ſay nothing.
Mum, mum, he that keepes neither cruſt nor crum,
Weary of all, ſhall want ſome. That's a ſheald peſcod.

Gon. Not onely ſir this, your all-licenc'd foole, but other of your inſolent retinue do hourely carpe and quarrell, breaking foorth in ranke and (not to be endured riots) Sir, I had thought by making this well knowne vnto you, to haue found a ſafe redreſſe, but now grow fearefull by what your ſelfe too late haue ſpoke and done, that you protect this courſe, and put on by your allowance, which if you ſhould, the fault would not ſcape cenſure, nor the redreſſe ſleepe, which in the tender of a wholeſome weal, might in their working do you that offence, that elſe were ſhame, that then neceſſity muſt call diſcreete proceedings.

Foole. For you trow Nuncle, the hedge-ſparrow fed the Cookow ſo long, that it had it head bit off beit young, ſo out went the Candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our Daughter?

Gon.

Gonorill. Come ſir, I would you would make vſe of that good wiſedome whereof I know you are fraught, and put away theſe diſpoſitions, that of late transforme you from what you rightly are.

Foole. May not an Aſſe know when the Cart drawes the horſe, whoop *Iug* I loue thee.

Lear. Doth any here know me? why this is not *Lear*; doth *Lear* walke thus? ſpeake thus? where are his eies, either his notion, weakneſſe, or his diſcernings are lethergy, ſleeping or waking; ha! ſure tis not ſo, who is it that can tell me who I am? *Lears* ſhadow? I would learne that, for by the markes of ſoueraignty, knowledge, & reaſon, I ſhould be falſe perſwaded I had daughters.

Foole. Which they, will make an obedient Father.

Le. Your name faire gentlewoman?

Gon. Come ſir, this admiration is much of the ſauour of other your new prankes; I do beſeech you vnderſtand my purpoſes aright, as you are old and reuerend, you ſhould be wiſe, heere doe you keepe one hundred Knights and Squires, men ſo diſordered, ſo deboyſt and bold, that this our Court infected with their manners, ſhewes like a riotous Inne, epicuriſme and luſt make more like a Tauerne or Brothell, then a great Pallace, the ſhame it ſelfe doth ſpeake for inſtant remedy, bee thou deſired by her, that elſe will take the thing ſhe begs, a little to diſquantity your traine, and the remainder that ſhall ſtill depend, to be ſuch men as may beſort your age, and know themſelues and you.

Lear. Darkneſſe and Diuels! ſaddle my horſes, call my traine together, degenerate baſtard, ile not trouble thee; yet haue I left a daughter.

Gon. You ſtrike my people, and your diſordered rabble, make ſeruants of their betters.

Enter Duke.

Lear. We that too late repent's vs; O ſir, are you come? Is it your will that we prepare any horſes, ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend, more hideous when thou ſheweſt thee in a childe, then the Sea-monſter, deteſted kite, thou leſſen my traine and men of choiſe and rareſt parts, that all particulars of duty know,

and in the moſt exact regard, ſupport the worſhippes of their name, O moſt ſmall fault, how vgly didſt thou in *Cordelia* ſhew, that like an engine wrencht my frame of nature from the fixt place, drew from my heart all loue, & added to the gall; ô *Lear*, *Lear*! beate at this gate that let thy folly in, and thy deare iudgment out, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. My Lord, I am guiltleſſe as I am ignorant.

Lear. It may be ſo my Lord, harke *Nature*, heare deere Goddeſſe, ſuſpend thy purpoſe, if thou didſt intend to make this creture fruitefull, into her wombe conuey ſterility, dry vp in her the Organs of encreaſe, and from her derogate body neuer ſpring a babe to honor her; if ſhe muſt teem, create her childe of ſpleen, that it may liue and be a thourt diſuetur'd torment to her, let it ſtampe wrinckles in her brow of youth, with accent teares, fret channels in her cheekes, turne all her mothers paines and benefits to laughter and contempt, that ſhee may feele, how ſharper then a ſerpents tooth it is, to haue a thankleſſe childe, goe, goe, my people?

Duke. Now Gods that we adore, whereof comes this!

Gon. Neuer afflict your ſelfe to know the cauſe, but let his diſpoſition haue that ſcope that dotage giues it.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap, within a fortnight?

Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my man-hood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntender woundings of a fathers curſe, peruſe euery ſence about the olde fond eies, be-weepe this cauſe againe, ile plucke you out, and you caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, is it come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kinde and comfortable, when ſhe ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l fley thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt finde that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doeſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee. *Exit.*

Gon. Do you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot be ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you.

Gon.

Gon. Come ſir, no more; you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter.

Foole. Nuncle *Lear*, Nuncle *Lear*, tarry and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter, ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho.

Oſwald. Heere Madam.

Gon. What, haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome company, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto adde ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gone, and after your returne——now my Lord, this mildie gentleneſſe and courſe of yours though I diſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more a-lapt want of wiſedome, then praiſe for harmfull mildneſſe.

Duke. How farre your eies may pierce I cannot tell,
Striuing to better ought, we marre what's well.

Gon. Nay then——

Duke. Well, well, the euent. *Exit.*

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Lear. Go you before to *Gloceſter* with theſe Letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the Letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, till I haue deliuered your letter. *Exit.*

Foole. If a mans braines were in his heeles, wert not in danger of kybes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethee be merry, thy wit ſhall nere go ſlipſhod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter will vſe thee kindly, for though ſhe is as like this, as a crabbe is like an apple, yet I can, what I can tell.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell my boy?

Foole. Shee'l taſte as like this, as a crab doth to a crab; thou canſt

canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtands in the middle of his face?

Lear. No.

Foole. Why to keep his eyes on either ſide his noſe, that what a man cannot ſmell out, he may ſpy into.

Lear. I did her wrong!

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſter makes his ſhell.

Lear. No.

Foole. Nor I neyther; but I can tell why a ſnayle has a houſe.

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why to put his head in, not to giue it away vnto his daughter, and leaue his hornes without a caſe.

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo kinde a father; bee my horſes ready?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about them; the reaſon why the ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen, is a pretty reaſon.

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes, thou wouldſt make a good foole.

Lear. To tak't againe perforce; monſter, ingratitude!

Foole. If thou wert my foole Nunckle, Ide haue thee beaten for being olde before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue beene olde, before thou hadſt beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweete heauen! I would not bee mad, keepe me in temper, I would not bee mad; are the Horſes ready?

Seruant. Ready my Lord.

Lear. Come boy. *Exit.*

Foole. She that is maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, except things be cut ſhorter. *Exit.*

Enter Baſtard, and Curan meetes him.

Baſt. Saue thee *Curan.*

Curan. And you ſir, I haue beene with your father, and giuen him notice, that the Duke of *Cornwall* and his Dutcheſſe will be here with him to night.

Baſt. How comes that? *Curan.*

Curan. Nay I know not, you haue heard of the newes a broad, I meane the whiſperd ones, for there are yet but eare-buſſing arguments.

Baſt. Not, I pray you what are they?

Curan. You may then in time, fare you well ſir. *Exit.*

Baſt. The Duke be here to night! the better beſt, this weaues it ſelfe perforce into my buſineſſe, my father hath ſet guard to take my brother, & I haue one thing of a queſie queſtion, which

Enter Edgar.

muſt aske breefeneſſe and fortune helpe; brother a word, diſcend brother I ſay, my father watches, O flie this place, intelligence is giuen where you are hid, you haue now the good aduantage of the night, haue you not ſpoken againſt the Duke of *Cornwall* ought, hee's coming hether now in the night, it'h haſte, and *Regan* with him, haue you nothing ſaide vpon his party againſt the Duke of *Albaney*, aduiſe your——

Edg. I am ſure on't not a word.

Baſtard. I heare my father comming, pardon me in crauing, I muſt draw my ſword vpon you, ſeeme to defend your ſelfe, now quit you well, yeeld, come before my father. light heere, heere, flie brother flie, torches, torches, ſo farwell; ſome bloud drawne on me would beget opinion of my more fierce endeuor, I haue ſeene drunkards do more then this in ſport; father, father, ſtop, ſtop, no helpe?

Enter Gloceſter.

Gloſt. Now *Edmund*, where's the villaine?

Baſt. Heere ſtood he in the darke, his ſharpe ſword out, warbling of wicked charmes, coniuring the Moone to ſtand his auſpicious Miſtris.

Gloſt. But where is he?

Baſt. Looke ſir, I bleed.

Gloſt. Where is the villaine, *Edmund?*

Baſt. Fled this way ſir, when by no meanes he could——

Gloſt. Purſue him, go after, by no meanes, what?

Baſt. Perſwade me to the murder of your Lordſhip, but that I tolde him the reuengiue Gods, gainſt Paracides did all their

thunders bend, ſpoke with how many fould and ſtrong a bond the child was bound to the father; ſir, in a fine, ſeeing how lothly oppoſite I ſtood to his vnnaturall purpoſe, with fell motion with his prepared ſword, he charges home my vnprouided body, launcht mine arme; but when he ſaw my beſt alarumd ſpirits bold in the quarrels right, rouzd to the encounter, or whether gaſted by the noiſe I made, but ſodainly he fled.

Gloſt. Let him flie farre, not in this Land ſhall he remaine vncaught and found; diſpatch, the Noble Duke my maſter, my worthy Arch and Patron comes to night, by his authority I will proclaime it, that he which findes him ſhall deſerue our thankes, bringing the murderous caytiffe to the ſtake, he that conceales him, death.

Baſt. When I diſſwaded him from his intent, and found him pight to do it, with curſt ſpeech I threatned to diſcouer him; he replied, Thou vnpoſſeſſing baſtard, doſt thou thinke, if I would ſtand againſt thee, could the repoſure of any truſt, vertue, or worth in thee make thy words faith'd? no: what I ſhould deny, as this I would, I, thogh thou didſt produce my very character, ide turne it all to thy ſuggeſtion, plot, and damned pretence, and thou muſt make a dullard of the world, if they not thought the profits of my death were very pregnant and potentiall ſpurres to make thee ſeeke it.

Gloſt. Strong and faſtened villaine, would he deny his letter? I neuer got him: harke, the Dukes trumpets, I know not why he comes; all Ports ile barre, the villaine ſhall not ſcape, the Duke muſt grant me that: beſides, his picture I wil ſend far and neere, that all the kingdome may haue note of him, and of my land, (loyall and naturall boy) ile worke the meanes to make thee capable.

Enter the Duke of Cornwall.

Corn. How now my noble friend, ſince I came hether, which I can call but now, I haue heard ſtrange newes.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too ſhort which can purſue the offender; how doſt my Lord?

Gloſt. Madam, my old heart is crakt, is crakt.

Reg. What, did my fathers godſon ſeeke your life? he whom my

my father named your *Edgar*?

Gloſt. I Lady, Lady, ſhame would haue it hid.

Reg. Was he not companion with the ryotous Knights that tends vpon my father?

Gloſt. I know not Madam, tis too bad, too bad.

Baſt. Yes madam, he was.

Reg. No maruaile then though he were ill affected,
Tis they haue put him on the old mans death,
To haue theſe——and waſte of this his reuenues:
I haue this preſent euening from my ſiſter
Beene well inform'd of them, and with ſuch cautions,
That if they come to ſoiourne at my houſe, ile not be there.

Duke. Nor I, aſſure thee *Regan*; *Edmund*, I heard that you haue ſhewne your father a child-like office.

Baſt. T was my duty ſir.

Gloſt. He did betray his practiſe, and receiued
This hurt you ſee, ſtriuing to apprehend him.

Duke. Is he purſued?

Gloſt. I my good Lord.

Duke. If he be taken, he ſhall neuer more be feard of doing harme, make your owne purpoſe how in my ſtrength you pleaſe; for you *Edmund*, whoſe vertue and obedience doth this inſtant ſo much commend it ſelfe, you ſhall be ours, natures of ſuch deep truſt, we ſhall much need, you we firſt ſeize on.

Baſt. I ſhall ſerue you truely, how euer elſe.

Gloſt. For him I thanke your Grace.

Duke. You know not why we came to viſite you?

Regan. Thus out of ſeaſon, threatning darke eide night,
Occaſions noble *Gloceſter* of ſome prize,
Wherein we muſt haue vſe of your aduice,
Our father he hath writ, ſo hath our ſiſter,
Of defences, which I beſt thought it fit,
To anſwer from our hand, the ſeuerall meſſengers
From hence attend diſpatch, our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your boſome, & beſtow your needfull counſell
To our buſineſſe, which craues the inſtant vſe.

Exit. *Gloſt.*

Glo. I serue you Madam, your Graces are right welcome.

Enter Kent, and Steward.

Steward. Good euen to thee friend, art of the house?

Kent. I.

Steward. Where may we set our horses?

Kent. In the mire.

Stew. Prethee if thou loue me, tell me.

Kent. I loue thee not.

Stew. Why then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in *Lipsbury* pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou vse me thus? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for?

Kent. A knaue, a rascall, an eater of broken meates, a base, proud, shallow, beggerly, three shewted hundred pound, filthy worsted-stocken knaue, a lilly liuer'd action taking knaue, a whoreson glasse-gazing superfinicall rogue, one trunke inheriting slaue, one that would'st be a baud in way of good seruice, & art nothing but the composition of a knaue, begger, coward, pander, and the sonne and heire of a mungrell bitch, whom I will beate into clamorous whining, if thou deny the least sillable of the addition.

Stew. What a monstrous fellow art thon, thus to raile on one that's neither knowne of thee, nor knowes thee.

Kent. What a brazen fac'st varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me, is it two daies agoe since I beate thee, and tript vp thy heeles before the King? draw you rogue, for though it be night the Moon shines, ile make a sop of the Moone-shine a'you, draw you whoreson cullyonly barber-munger, draw.

Stew. Away, I haue nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw you rascall, you bring Letters against the King, & take Vanity the puppets part, against the royalty of her father, draw you rogue, or ile so carbonado your shankes, draw you rascall, come your wayes.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Kent.

Kent. Strike you slaue, stand rogue, stand you neate slaue, strike.

Stew. Helpe, ho, murther, helpe.

Enter Edmund with his Rapier drawne, Gloceſter, the Duke and Dutcheſſe.

Baſt. How now, what's the matter?

Ken. With you goodman boy, and you please come, ile fleash you, come on yong master.

Gloſt. Weapons, armes, what's the matter here?

Duke. Keepe peace vpon your liues, he dies that strikes againe, what's the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister, and the King.

Duke. What's your difference, speake?

Stew. I am scarse in breath my Lord.

Kent. No maruaile you haue so bestir'd your valour, you cowardly rascall, nature disclaimes in thee, a Taylor made thee.

Duke. Thou art a strange fellow, a Taylour make a man.

Kent. I, a taylour sir, a Stone-cutter, or a Painter could not haue made him so ill, though he had bene but two houres at the trade.

Gloſt. Speake yet, how grew your quarrell?

Stew. This ancient ruffian sir, whose life I haue spar'd at sute of his gray-beard.

Kent. Thou whoreson Zed, thou vnnecessary letter, my Lord if you will giue me leaue, I will tread this vnbolted villaine into morter, and daube the wals of a Iaques with him; spare my gray-beard you wagtaile?

Duke. Peace sir, you beastly knaue you haue no reuerence.

Kent. Yes sir, but anger has a priuiledge.

Duke. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slaue as this should weare a sword,
That weares no honesty, such smiling rogues as these,
Like Rats oft bite those cordes in twaine,
Which are to intrench, to inloose smooth euery passion
That in the natures of their Lords rebell,

Bring oile to ſtir, ſnow to their colder moods,
Reneag, affirme, and turne their halcion beakes
With euery gale and vary of their maſters,
Knowing nought like daies but following,
A plague vpon your Epelipticke viſage,
Smoile you my ſpeeches, as I were a foole?
Gooſe, if I had you vpon Sarum Plaine,
Ide ſend you cackling home to Camulet.

Duke. What, art thou mad olde fellow?

Gloſt. How fell you out, ſay that?

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Then I and ſuch a knaue.

Duke. Why doſt thou call him knaue, what's his offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Duke. No more perchance doth mine, or his, or hers.

Kent. Sir, tis my occupation to be plaine,
I haue ſeene better faces in my time,
Than ſtands on any ſhoulder that I ſee
Before me at this inſtant.

Duke. This is a fellow, who hauing beene praiſd
For bluntneſſe, doth affect a ſaucie ruffines,
And conſtraines the garb quite from his nature,
He cannot flatter he, he muſt be plaine,
He muſt ſpeake truth, and they will take it ſo,
If not hee's plaine, theſe kinde of knaues I know,
Which in this plainneſſe harbour more craft,
And more corrupter ends, then twenty ſilly ducking
Obſeruants, that ſtretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir in good ſooth, or in ſincere verity,
Vnder the allowance of your grand aſpect.
Whoſe influence like the wreath of radient fire
In flitkering *Phœbus* front.

Duke. What meanſt thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialogue which you diſcommend ſo much; I know ſir, I am no flatterer, he that beguild you in a plain accent, was a plaine knaue, which for my part I wil not be, thogh I ſhould win your diſpleaſure to entreate me to it.

Duke.

Duke. What's the offence you gaue him?

Stew. I neuer gaue him any, it pleaſd the King his maſter
Very late to ſtrike at me vpon his miſconſtruction,
When he coniunct and flattering his diſpleaſure
Tript me behinde, being downe, inſulted, raild,
And put vpon him ſuch a deale of man, that
That worthied him, got praiſes of the King,
For him attempting who was ſelfe ſubdued,
And in the flechuent of this dread exploit,
Drew on me heere againe.

Kent. None of theſe roges & cowards but *Ajax* is their foole.

Duke. Bring foorth the ſtockes ho?
You ſtubborne miſcreant knaue, you vnreuerent bragart,
Wee'l teach you.

Kent. I am too olde to learne, call not your ſtockes for me,
I ſerue the King, on whoſe imploiments I was ſent to you,
You ſhould do ſmall reſpect, ſhew too bold malice
Againſt the grace and perſon of my maſter,
Stopping his Meſſenger.

Duke. Fetch foorth the ſtockes; as I haue life and honour,
There ſhall he ſit till noone.

Reg. Till noone, till night my Lord, and all night too.

Kent. Why Madam, if I were your fathers dog, you could not vſe me ſo.

Reg. Sir, being his knaue, I will.

Duke. This is a fellow of the ſame nature,
Our ſiſter ſpeakes off, come, bring away the ſtockes.

Gloſt. Let me beſeech your Grace not to do ſo,
His fault is much, and the good King his Maſter
Will checke him for't; your purpoſd low correction
Is ſuch, as baſeſt and temneſt wretches for pilfrings
And moſt common treſpaſſes are puniſht with,
The King muſt take it ill, that hee's ſo ſlightly valued:
In his Meſſenger, ſhould haue him thus reſtrained.

Duke. Ile anſwer that.

Reg. My ſiſter may receiue it much more worſe,
To haue her gentleman abuſed, aſſaulted

For

For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir. I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Exit.

Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder-globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heauy eies not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging; Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *He ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edgar, I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haire with knots,

And with preſented nakednes out-face
The winde, and perſecution of the skie,
The Country giues me proofe and preſident
Of *Bedlam* beggers, who with roring voices,
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare Armes,
Pins, wooden prickes, nailes, ſprigs of roſemary,
And with this horrible obiect from low ſeruice,
Poore pelting villages, ſheep-coates, and milles,
Sometime with lunaticke bans, ſometime with praiers
Enforce their charity, poore *Turlygod*, poore *Tom*,
That's ſomething yet, *Edgar* I nothing am. *Exit.*

Enter King, and a Knight.

Lear. Tis ſtrange that they ſhould ſo depart from hence,
And not ſend backe my meſſenger.

Knight. As I learn'd, the night before there was
No purpoſe of his remoue.

Kent. Haile to thee noble Maſter.

Lear. How, mak'ſt thou this ſhame thy paſtime?

Foole. Ha, ha, looke, he weares crewell garters,
Horſes are tide by the heeles, dogs and beares
By the necke, munkies by the loines, and men
By the legs, when a man's ouer-luſty at legs,
hen he weares wooden neather-ſtockes.

Lear. What's he, that hath ſo much thy place miſtooke to ſet thee here?

Kent. It is both he and ſhe, your ſonne and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear No I ſay.

Kent. I ſay yea.

Lear. No, no, they would not.

Kent. Yes they haue.

Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſweare no, they durſt not do it,
They would not, could not do it, tis worſe then murder,
To do vpon reſpect ſuch violent out-rage,
Reſolue me with all modeſt haſte, which way

Thou maist deserue, or they purpose this vsage,
Comming from vs.

Kent. My Lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highnesse Letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shewed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking Poste,
Stewd in his haste, halfe breathlesse, panting forth
From *Gonorill* his Mistris, salutations,
Deliuered letters spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summond vp their men, straight tooke horse,
Commanded me to follow, and attend the leisure
Of their answer, gaue me cold lookes,
And meeting heere the other Messenger,
Whose welcome I perceiu'd had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow that of late
Displaid so sawcily against your Highnesse,
Hauing more man then wit about me, drew;
He raised the house with loud and coward cries,
Your sonne and daughter found this trespasse worth
This shame which here it suffers.

Lear. O how this mother swels vp toward my heart,
Hysterica passio downe thou climing sorrow,
Thy element's below, where is this daughter?

Kent. With the Earle sir within.

Lear. Follow me not, stay there.

Knight. Made you no more offence then what you speake of?

Kent. No, how chance the King comes with so small a traine?

Foole. If thou hadst beene set in the stockes for that question, thou hadst well deserued it.

Kent. Why foole?

Foole. Wee'l set thee to schoole to an Ant, to teach thee ther's no labouring in the winter, all that follow their noses, are led by their eyes, but blinde men, and there's not a nose among a hundred, but can smell him that's stincking; let goe thy hold when a great wheele runs downe a hill, least it breake thy necke with following it, but the great one that goes vp the hil, let him draw thee

thee after, when a wise man giues thee better counsell, giue mee mine againe, I would haue none but knaues follow it, since a foole giues it.

That Sir that serues for gaine,
And followes but for forme;
Will packe when it begins to raine,
And leaue thee in the storme.
But I will tarry, the foole will stay,
And let the wise man flie:
The knaue turnes foole that runnes away,
The foole no knaue perdy.

Kent. Where learnt you this foole?

Foole. Not in the stockes.

Enter Lear and Glocester.

Lear. Deny to speake with me? th'are sicke, th'are weary,
They traueld hard to night, meare Iustice,
I the images of reuolt and flying off,
Fetch me a better answer.

Glost. My deare Lord, you know the fiery quality of the Duke, how vnremoueable and fixt he is in his owne course.

Lear. Veangeance, death, plague, confusion, what fiery quality; why *Glocester*, *Glocester*, ide speake with the Duke of *Cornewall*, and his wife.

Glost. I my good Lord.

Lear. The King would speake with *Cornwall*, the deare father
Would with his daughter speake, commands her seruice,
Fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that *Lear*,
No but not yet, may be he is not well,
Infirmity doth still neglect all office, where to our health
Is bound, we are not our selues, when nature being oppresst,
Commands the minde to suffer with the body; ile forbeare,
And am fallen out with my more headier will,
To take the indisposed and sickly fit, for the sound man,
Death on my state, wherefore should he sit here?
This acte perswades me, that this remotion of the Duke & her

Is

Is practiſe, onely giue me my ſeruant foorth;
Tell the Duke and's wife, Ile ſpeake with them
Now preſently, bid them come forth and heare me,
Or at their chamber doore Ile beate the drum,
Till it cry ſleepe to death.

Gloſt. I would haue all well betwixt you.

Lear. O my heart! my heart.

Foole. Cry to it Nunckle, as the Cockney did to the Eeles, when ſhe put them vp i'th paſte aliue, ſhe rapt 'em ath coxcombs with a ſticke, and cryed downe wantons, downe; twas her brother, that in pure kindneſſe to his horſe, butterd his hay.

Enter Duke and Regan.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Duke. Haile to your Grace.

Reg. I am glad to ſee your Highneſſe.

Lear. *Regan*, I thinke you are, I know what reaſon
I haue to thinke ſo; if thou ſhouldſt not be glad,
I would diuorce me from thy mothers toombe,
Sepulchring an adultereſſe, yea, are you free?
Some other time for that. Beloued *Regan*,
Thy ſiſter is naught, ô *Regan* ſhe hath tied
Sharpe tooth'd vnkindneſſe, like a vulture heere.
I can ſcarſe ſpeake to thee, thou't not beleeue,
Of how depriued a quality, O *Regan*.

Reg. I pray ſir take patience, I haue hope
You leſſe know how to value her deſert,
Then ſhe to ſlacke her duty.

Lear. My curſes on her.

Reg. O ſir, you are olde,
Nature on you ſtands on the very verge of her Confine,
You ſhould be ruled and led by ſome diſcretion,
That diſcernes your ſtate better then you your ſelfe,
Therefore I pray, that to our ſiſter you do make returne,
Say you haue wrongd her ſir.

Lear. Aske her forgiueneſſe,
Do you marke how this becomes the houſe?

Deare

Deare daughter, I confeſſe that I am old,
Age is vnneceſſary, on my knees I beg,
That you'l vouchſafe me rayment, bed and food.

Reg. Good ſir no more, theſe are vnſightly tricks,
Returne you to my ſiſter.

Lear. No *Regan*,
She hath abated me of halfe my traine,
Lookt backe vpon me, ſtroke me with her tongue,
Moſt ſerpent-like vpon the very heart,
All the ſtor'd vengeances of heauen fall on her ingratefull top,
Strike her young bones, you taking aires with lamneſſe.

Duke. Fie, fie ſir.

Lear. You nimble lightnings dart your blinding flames
Into her ſcornfull eies, infect her beauty,
You Fen ſuckt fogs, drawne by the powerfull Sunne,
To fall and blaſt her pride.

Reg. O the bleſt Gods, ſo will you wiſh on me,
When the raſh mood———

Lear No *Regan*, thou ſhalt neuer haue my curſe,
The tender hefted nature ſhall not giue thee ore
To harſhnes, her eies are fierce, but thine do comfort & not burn
Tis not in thee to grudge my pleaſures, to cut off my traine,
To bandy haſty words, to ſcant my ſizes,
And in concluſion, to oppoſe the bolt
Againſt my comming in, thou better knoweſt
The offices of nature, bond of child-hood,
Effects of curteſie, dues of gratitude,
Thy halfe of the kingdome, haſt thou not forgot
Wherein I thee endowed.

Reg. Good ſir to the purpoſe.

Lear. Who put my man i'th ſtockes?

Duke. What trumpets that?

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't my ſiſters, this approues her letters,
That ſhe would ſoone be here, is your Lady come?

Lear. This is a ſlaue, whoſe eaſie borrowed pride

Dwels

Dwels in the fickle grace of her he followes,
Out varlet, from my sight.
Duke. What meanes your Grace?

Enter Gonorill.

Gon. Who strucke my seruant? *Regan*, I haue good hope
Thou didst not know on't.
Lear. Who comes here? O heauens!
If you do loue olde men, if you sweet sway alow
Obedience, if your selues are old, make it your cause,
Send downe and take my part;
Art not asham'd to looke vpon this beard?
O *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?
Gon. Why not by the hand sir, how haue I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion findes,
And dotage tearmes so.
Lear. O sides, you are too tough,
Will you yet hold? how came my man i'th stockes?
Duke. I set him there, but his owne disorders
Deseru'd much lesse aduancement.
Lear. You; did you?
Reg. I pray you father being weake, seeme so,
If till the expiration of your moneth,
You will returne and soiourne with my sister,
Dismissing halfe your traine, come then to me,
I am now from home, and out of that prouision
Which shall be needfull for your entertainment.
Lear. Returne to her, and fifty men dismist?
No, rather I abiure all roofes, and chuse
To wage against the enmity of the ayre,
To be a Comrade with the Wolfe and Owle,
Necessities sharpe pinch, returne with her;
Why the hot blood in *France*, that dowerles
Tooke our yongest borne, I could as well be brought
To knee his Throne, and Squire-like pension beg,
To keepe base life afoote; returne with her?
Perswade me rather to be slaue and sumpter

To

To this detested groome.
Gon. At your choise sir.
Lear. Now I prethee daughter do not make me mad,
I will not trouble thee my childe, farwell,
Wee'l no more meete, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my bloud, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that lies within my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine, thou art a byle,
A plague sore, an imbossed carbuncle in my
Corrupted bloud, but Ile not chide thee,
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it,
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoote,
Nor tell tales of thee to high iudging *Ioue*,
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with *Regan*,
I and my hundred Knights.
Reg. Not altogether so sir, I looke not for you yet,
Nor am prouided for your fit welcome,
Giue eare to my sister, for those
That mingle reason with your passion,
Must be content to thinke you are old, and so,
But she knowes what she does.
Lear. Is this well spoken now?
Reg. I dare auouch it sir, what fifty followers,
Is it not well? what should you need of more,
Yea or so many, sith that both charge and danger
Speakes gainst so great a number, how in a house
Should many people vnder two commands
Hold amity, tis hard, almost impossible.
Gon. Why might not you my Lord, receiue attendance
From those that she cals seruants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not my Lord? if then they chanc'st to slacke you,
We could controle them; if you will come to me,
(For now I spie a danger) I entreate you
To bring but fiue and twenty, to no more
Will I giue place or notice.
Lear. I gaue you all.

Reg.

Reg. And in good time you gaue it.
Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reseruation to be followed
With such a number, what, must I come to you
With fiue and twenty, *Regan*, said you so?
Reg. And speak't againe my Lord, no more with me.
Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do seeme well-fauour'd
When others are more wicked, not being the worst,
Stands in some ranke of praise, ile go with thee,
Thy fifty yet doth double fiue and twenty,
And thou art twice her loue.
Gon. Heare me my Lord;
What need you fiue and twenty, ten, or fiue,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Haue a command to tend you?
Regan. What needs one?
Lear. O reason not the deed, our baasest beggers
Are in the poorest thing superfluous,
Allow not nature more then nature needs,
Mans life's as cheap as beasts; thou art a Lady,
If onely to go warme were gorgious,
Why nature needs not what thou gorgious weares,
Which scarsely keepes thee warme, but for true need,
You heauens giue me that patience, patience I need,
You see me heere (you Gods) a poore old fellow,
As full of greefe as age, wretched in both,
If it be you that stirres these daughters hearts
Against their Father, foole me not too much,
To beare it lamely, touch me with noble anger,
O let not womens weapons, water drops
Staine my mans cheekes, no you vnnaturall hags,
I will haue such reuenges on you both,
That all the world shall——I will do such things,
What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
The terrors of the earth; you thinke ile weepe,
No, ile not weepe, I haue full cause of weeping,
But this heart shall breake in a thousand flowes

Ere ile weepe; ô foole, I shall go mad.

Exeunt Lear, Gloceſter, Kent, and Foole

Duke. Let vs withdraw, twill be a storme.
Reg. This house is little, the old man and his people,
Cannot be well bestowed.
Gon. Tis his owne blame hath put himselfe from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
Reg. For his particular, ile receiue him gladly,
But not one follower.
Duke. So am I purpos'd, where is my Lord of *Gloceſter*?

Enter Gloceſter.

Reg. Followed the old man forth, he is return'd.
Glo. The King is in high rage, and will I know not whether.
Reg. Tis good to giue him way, he leads himselfe.
Gon. My Lord, entreate him by no meanes to stay.
Glo. Alacke, the night comes on, and the bleake windes
Do sorely russell, for many miles about there's not a bush.
Reg. O sir, to wilfull men,
The iniuries that they themselues procure,
Must be their schoole-masters, shut vp your doores;
He is attended with a desperate traine,
And what they may incense him too, being apt,
To haue his eare abused, wisedome bids feare.
Duke. Shut vp your doores my Lord, tis a wilde night,
My *Regan* counsels well, come out ath storme.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman at seuerall doores.

Kent. What's heere beside foule weather?
Gent. One minded like the weather, most vnquietly.
Kent. I know you, where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Element,
Bids the winde blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters boue the maine,
That things might change or cease, teares his white haire,
Which the impetuous blasts with eieleſſe rage
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of,
Striues in his little world of man to out-scorne,

The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieft
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt Ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile this way, you that, he that firſt lights
On him, hollow the other.

Exeunt.

Enter Lear and Foole.

Lear. Blow winde and cracke your cheekes, rage, blow
You carterickes, and Hircanios ſpout till you haue drencht
The ſteeples, drownd the cockes, you ſulpherous and
Thought executing fires, vaunt-currers to
Oke-cleauing thunder-bolts, ſing my white head,
And thou all ſhaking thunder, ſmite flat
The thicke rotundity of the world, cracke natures
Mold, all Germains ſpill at once that make
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court holy water in a dry houſe
Is better then this raine water out a doore,
Good Nunckle in, and aske thy daughters bleſſing,
Here's a night pitties neyther wiſe man nor foole.

Lear. Rumble thy belly full, ſpit fire, ſpout raine,
Nor raine, winde, thunder, fire, are my daughters,
I taske not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe,
I neuer gaue you kingdome, cald you children,
You owe me no ſubſcription; why then let fall your horrible
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your ſlaue, a poore, infirme, weake, and
Deſpiſed old man, but yet I call you ſeruile
Miniſters, that haue with two pernitious daughters ioyn'd
Your high engendered battell gainſt a head ſo old and white
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a houſe to put his head in, has a good head-peece, the codpeece that will houſe before the head, has any the head and he ſhall lowſe, ſo beggers marry many, the man that makes his toe, what he his heart ſhould make, ſhall haue a corne cry woe, and turne his ſleepe to wake, for there was neuer yet faire woman, but ſhe made mouthes in a glaſſe.

Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
I will ſay nothing.

Enter Kent.

Kent. Who's there?

Foole. Marry heere's grace and a codpis, that's a wiseman and a foole.

Kent. Alasse sir, sit you heere?
Things that loue night, loue not such nights as these;
The wrathfull Skies gallow, the very wanderer of the
Darke, and makes them keepe their caues,
Since I was man, such sheetes of fire,
Such bursts of horrid thunder, such grones of
Roring winde and raine, I nere remember
To haue heard, mans nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the force.

Lear. Let the great Gods that keepe this dreadfull
Thundring ore our heads, finde out their enemies now,
Tremble thou wretch that hast within thee
Vndivulged crimes,, vnwhipt of Iustice,
Hide thee thou bloudy hand, thou periur'd, and
Thou simular man of vertue that art incestious,
Caytiffe in peeces shake, that vnder couert
And conuenient seeming, hast practised on mans life,
Close pent vp guilts, riue your concealed centers,
And cry these dreadfull summoners grace,
I am a man more sind against their sinning.

Kent. Alacke bare headed, gracious my Lord, hard by here is a houell, some friendship will it lend you gainst the tempest, repose you there, whilst I to this hard house, more hard then is the stone whereof tis rais'd, which euen but now demanding after me, denide me to come in, returne and force their scanted curtesie.

Lear. My wit begins to turne,
Come on my boy, how dost my boy, art cold?
I am cold my selfe, where is this straw my fellow,
The art of our necessities is strange, that can
Make vilde things precious, come you houell poore,
Foole and knaue, I haue one part of my heart
That sorrowes yet for thee.

Foole. He that has a little tine wit, with hey ho the winde and the raine, must make content with his fortunes fit, for the raine, it

it raineth euery day.

Lear. True my good boy, come bring vs to this houell.

Enter Gloucester, and the Bastard with lights.

Glost. Alacke, alacke, *Edmund* I like not this
Vnnaturall dealing, when I desired their leaue
That I might pitty him, they tooke from me
The vse of mine owne house, charg'd me on paine
Of their displeasure, neither to speake of him,
Entreate for him, nor any way sustaine him.

Bast. Most sauage and vnnaturall. (Dukes,

Glost. Go too, say you nothing, there's a diuision betwixt the
And a worse matter then that, I haue receiued
A letter this night, tis dangerous to be spoken,
I haue lockt the letter in my Closet, these iniuries
The King now beares, will be reuenged home;
There's part of a power already landed,
We must incline to the King, I will seeke him,
And priuily releeue him; go you and maintaine talke
With the Duke, that my charity be not of him
Perceiued; if he aske for me, I am ill, and gone
To bed, though I die for it, as no lesse is threatned me,
The King my old Master must be relieued, there is
Some strange thing toward, *Edmund*, pray you be carefull.

Exit.

Bast. This courtesie forbid thee, shall the Duke instantly know,
And of that letter to, this seemes a faire deseruing,
And must draw to me that which my father loses, no lesse
Then all, then yonger rises when the old do fall.

Exit.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter, the tirrany of the open night's too ruffe for nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Wilt breake my heart?

Kent. I had rather breake mine owne, good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou thinkſt tis much, that this crulentious ſtorme
Inuades vs to the skin, ſo tis to thee,
But where the greater malady is fixt,
The leſſer is ſcarſe felt, thou wouldſt ſhun a Beare,
But if thy flight lay toward the raging ſea,
Thoud'ſt meete the beare it'h mouth, when the mind's free,
The bodies delicate, the tempeſt in my minde,
Doth from my ſences take all feeling elſe,
Saue what beares their filiall ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth ſhould teare this hand
For lifting food to it? but I will puniſh ſure;
No I will weepe no more; in ſuch a night as this!
O *Regan*, *Gonorill*, your old kinde father
Whoſe franke heart gaue you all, O that way madneſſe lies,
Let me ſhunne that, no more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Prethee go in thy ſelfe, ſeeke thy owne eaſe,
This tempeſt will not giue me leaue to ponder
On things would hurt me more, but Ile go in,
Poore naked wretches, where ſo ere you are
That bide the pelting of this pittileſſe night,
How ſhall your houſe-leſſe heads, and vnfed ſides,
Your loopt and windowed raggednеſſe defend you
From ſeaſons ſuch as theſe, O I haue tane
Too little care of this, take phyſicke pompe,
Expoſe thy ſelfe to feele what wretches feele,
That thou maiſt ſhake the ſuperflux to them,
And ſhew the heauens more iuſt.

Foole. Come not in here Nunckle, here's a ſpirit, helpe me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?

Foole. A ſpirit, he ſayes his name is poore *Tom.*

Kent. What art thou that doſt grumble there in the ſtraw? come foorth.

Edg. Away, the foule fiend followes me, through the ſharpe hathorne blowes the cold winde, goe to thy cold bed & warme thee.

Lear.

Lear. Haſt thou giuen all to thy two daughters, and art thou come to this?

Edg. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*, whom the foule fiend hath led through fire, and throgh foord, and whirli-poole, ore bog and quagmire, that has laide kniues vnder his pillow, & halters in his pue, ſet ratsbane by his pottage, made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horſe ouer foure incht bridges, to courſe his owne ſhadow for a traitor, bleſſe thy fiue wits, *Toms* a cold, bleſſe thee from whirle-windes, ſtarre-bluſting, & taking, do poore *Tom* ſome charity, whom the foule fiend vexes, there could I haue him now, and there, and there againe.

Lear. What, his daughters brought him to this paſſe,
Couldſt thou ſaue nothing? didſt thou giue them all?

Foole. Nay he reſerued a blanket, elſe wee had beene all ſhamed.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
Hang fated ore mens faults, fall on thy daughters.

Kent. He hath no daughters ſir.

Lear. Death traitor, nothing could haue ſubdued nature
To ſuch a lowneſſe, but his vnkinde daughters,
Is it the faſhion that diſcarded fathers,
Should haue thus little mercy on their fleſh,
Iudicious puniſhment, twas this fleſh
Begot thoſe Pelicane daughters.

Edg Pilicock ſate on pelicocks hill, a lo lo lo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to fooles & madmen.

Edg. Take heed of the foule fiend, obey thy parents, keepe thy words iuſtly, ſweare not, commit not with mans ſworne ſpouſe, ſet not thy ſweet heart on proud array; *Toms* a cold.

Lear. What haſt thou beene?

Edg. A ſeruingman, proud in heart and minde, that curlde my haire, wore gloues in my cap, ſerued the luſt of my miſtris heart, and did the acte of darkneſſe with her, ſwore as many oaths as I ſpake words, and broke them in the ſweete face of heauen, one that ſlept in the contriuing of luſt, and wak't to do it, wine loued I deepely, dice dearely, and in woman, out paramord the Turke, falſe of heart, light of eare, bloudy of hand, hog in ſloth,

Fox

Fox in ſtealth, Wolfe in greedineſſe, Dog in madneſſe, Lyon in prey, let not the creeking of ſhooes, nor the ruſlings of ſilkes betray thy poore heart to women, keepe thy foote out of brothell, thy hand out of placket, thy pen from lenders booke, and defie the foule fiend, ſtill through the hathorne blowes the colde winde, hay no on ny, Dolphin my boy, my boy, ceaſe let him trot by.

Lear. Why thou wert better in thy graue, then to anſwer with thy vncouered body this extremity of the skies; is man no more but this? conſider him well, thou oweſt the worme no ſilke, the beaſt no hide, the ſheep no wooll, the cat no perfume, he'rs three ones are ſophiſticated, thou art the thing it ſelfe, vnaccomodated man is no more but ſuch a poore bare forked Animal as thou art, off, off you leadings, come on be true.

Foole. Prithee Nunckle be content, this is a naughty night to ſwim in, now a little fire in a wilde field, were like an old lechers heart, a ſmall ſparke, all the reſt in body colde, looke here comes a walking fire.

Enter Gloceſter.

Edg. This is the foule fiend *Sirberdegibit*, he begins at curfue, and walks till the firſt cocke, he gins the web, the pinqueuer the eye, and makes the hart lip, mildewes the white wheate, & hurts the poore creature of earth, ſwithald footed thrice the olde anelthu niight Moore and her nine fold bid her, O light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee.

Kent. How fares your Grace?

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Whoſe there? what iſt you ſeeke?

Gloſt. What are you there? your names.

Edg. Poore *Tom*, that eates the ſwimming frog, the toade, the toade pold, the wall-wort, and the water, that in the fruite of his heart, when the foule fiend rages,
Eates cowdung for ſallets, ſwallowes the old rat, and the ditch-dog, drinkes the greene mantle of the ſtanding poole, who is whipt from tything to tything, and ſtock-puniſht and impriſoned, who hath had three ſutes to his backe, ſixe ſhirts to his body, horſe to ride, and weapon to weare.

But

But Mice and Rats, and ſuch ſmall Deere,
Hath beene *Toms* food for ſeuen long yeare.
Beware my follower, peace ſnulbug, peace thou fiend.

Gloſt. What, hath your Grace no better company?

Edg. The Prince of darknes is a Gentleman, *modo* hee's called, and ma hu——

Gloſt. Our fleſh and bloud is growne ſo vilde my Lord, that it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a colde.

Gloſt. Go in with me, my duty cannot ſuffer to obey in al your daughters hard commands, though their iniunction be to barre my doores, and let this tyranous night take hold vpon you, yet haue I venter'd to come ſeeke you out, and bring you where both food and fire is ready.

Lear. Firſt let me talke with this Philoſopher;
What is the cauſe of thunder?

Kent. My good Lord take his offer, go into the houſe.

Lear. Ile talke a word with this moſt learned *Theban*; what is your ſtudy?

Edg. How to preuent the fiend, and to kill vermine.

Lear. Let me aske you one word in priuate.

Kent. Importune him to goe my Lord, his wits begin to vnſettle.

Gloſt. Canſt thou blame him?
His daughters ſeeke his death. O that good *Kent*,
He ſaid it would be thus, poore baniſht man,
Thou ſaiſt the King growes mad, ile tell thee friend,
I am almoſt mad my ſelfe; I had a ſonne
Now out-lawed from my bloud, he ſought my life
But lately, very late, I lou'd him friend,
No father his ſonne dearer, truth to tell thee,
The greefe has craz'd my wits.
What a night's this? I do beſeech your Grace.

Lear. O cry you mercy noble Philoſopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a cold.

Gloſt. In fellow there, into th'houell, keepe thee warme.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent.

Kent. This way my Lord.
Lear. With him I will keepe ſtill, with my Philoſopher.
Kent. Good my Lord ſooth him, let him take the fellow.
Gloſt. Take him you on.
Kent. Sirra come on, go along with vs.
Lear. Come good Athenian.
Gloſt. No words, no words, huſh.
Edg. Childe *Rowland*, to the darke towne come,
His word was ſtill fye, fo, and fum,
I ſmell the bloud of a Britiſh man.

Enter Cornwall and Baſtard.

Corn. I will haue my reuenge ere I depart the houſe.
Baſt. How my Lord I may be cenſured, that nature thus giues way to loyalty, ſome-thing feares me to thinke of.
Corn. I now perceiue it was not altogether your brothers euil diſpoſition made him ſeeke his death, but a prouoking merit, ſet a worke by a reproueable badneſſe in himſelfe.
Baſt. How malicious is my fortune, that I muſt repent to bee iuſt? this is the Letter he ſpoke off, which approues him an intelligent partie to the aduantages of *France*, O heauens, that his treaſon were, or not I the detecter.
Corn. Go with me to the Dutches.
Baſt. If the matter of this paper be certaine, you haue mighty buſineſſe in hand.
Corn. True or falſe, it hath made thee Earle of *Gloceſter*, ſeeke out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehenſion.
Baſt. If I finde him comforting the King, it will ſtuffe his ſuſpition more fully, I will perſeuere in my courſe of loyalty, though the conflict be ſore betweene that and my bloud.
Corn. I will lay truſt vpon thee, and thou ſhalt finde a dearer father in my loue. *Exit.*

Enter Gloceſter, Lear, Kent, Foole, and Tom.

Gloſt. Here is better then the open ayre, take it thankfully, I will peece out the comfort with what addition I can, I will not be

be long from you.
Kent. All the power of his wits haue giuen way to impatience, the Gods deſerue your kindneſſe.
Edg. Fretereto cals me, and tels me *Nero* is an angler in the lake of darkneſſe, pray innocent beware the foule fiend.
Foole. Prethee Nunckle tell me, whether a mad man may bee a Gentleman or a Yeoman.
Lear. A King, a King, to haue a thouſand with red burning ſpits come hiſſing in vpon them.
Edg. The foule fiend bites my backe.
Foole. Hee's mad that truſts in the tameneſſe of a Wolfe, a horſes health, a boyes loue, or a whores oath.
Lear. It ſhall be done, I will arraigne them ſtraight,
Come ſit thou heere moſt learned Iuſtice,
Thou ſapient ſir, ſit heere, now you ſhee Foxes——
Edg. Looke where he ſtands and glars, wantſt thou eies at triall madam, come ore the broome *Beſſy* to me.
Foole. Her boat hath a leake, and ſhe muſt not ſpeak,
Why ſhe dares not come ouer to thee.
Edg. The foule fiend haunts poore *Tom* in the voyce of a nightingale, Hoppedance cries in *Toms* belly for two white herring,
Croke not blacke Angell, I haue no food for thee.
Kent. How do you ſir? ſtand you not ſo amaz'd, will you lie downe and reſt vpon the Cuſhions?
Lear. Ile ſee their triall firſt, bring in their euidence, thou robbed man of iuſtice take thy place, & thou his yoke-fellow of equity, bench by his ſide, you are o'th commiſſion, ſit you too.
Ed. Let vs deale iuſtly, ſleepeſt or wakeſt thou iolly ſhepheard,
Thy ſheepe bee in the corne, and for one blaſt of thy minikin mouth, thy ſheepe ſhall take no harme, Pur the cat is gray.
Lear. Arraigne her firſt, tis *Gonorill*, I here take my oath before this honourable aſſembly ſhe kickt the poore King her father.
Foole. Come hither Miſtreſſe, is your name *Gonorill*.
Lear. She cannot deny it.
Foole. Cry you mercy, I tooke you for a ioynt ſtoole.
Lear. And heres another whoſe warpt lookes proclaime
What ſtore her heart is made an, ſtop her there,

Armes, armes, sword, fire, corruption in the place,
False Iusticer, why hast thou let her scape?
Edg. Bleese thy fiue wits.
Kent. O pitty sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft haue boasted to retaine.
Edg. My teares begin to take his part so much,
They'l marre my counterfeting.
Lear. The little dogs and all,
Trey, *Blanch*, and *Sweet-hart*, see they barke at me.
Edg. *Tom* will throw his head at them, auant you curs.
Be thy mouth, or blacke or white, tooth that poisons if it bite,
Mastiue, Gray-hound, Mungrel, Grim-hound, or Spaniell, Brach or Him, Bobtaile tike, or Trundle-taile, *Tom* will make them weepe and waile. For with throwing thus my head, dogs leape the hatch, and all are fled, loudla doodla, come march to wakes, and faires, and market townes, poore *Tom* thy horne is dry.
Lear. Then let them anotomize *Regan*, see what breeds about her,
Hart is there any cause in nature that makes this hardnesse;
You sir, I entertaine you for one of my hundred,
Onely I do not like the fashion of your garment; you'l say
They are Persian attire, but let them be changed.
Kent. Now good my Lord lie here a while.
Lear. Make no noise, make no noise, draw the Curtaines, so, so, so, wee'l go to supper in the morning, so, so, so.

Enter Glocester.

Glost. Come hither friend, where is the King my master?
Kent. Here sir, but trouble him not, his wits are gone.
Glost. Good friend, I prethee take him in thy armes,
I haue ore-heard a plot of death vpon him,
There is a Litter ready, lay him in it, and driue towards *Douer*, friend,
Where thou shalt meete both welcome and protection; take vp thy master,
If thou shouldst dally halfe an houre, his life with thine,
And all that offer to defend him, stand in assured losse,
Take

Take vp to keepe, and follow me that will to some prouision,
Giue thee quicke conduct.
Kent. Oppressed nature sleepes,
This rest might yet haue balmed thy broken sinewes,
Which if conuenience will not allow, stand in hard cure,
Come helpe to beare thy Master, thou must not stay behinde. *Exit.*
Glost. Come, come, away.
Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarsely thinke our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers, most i'th minde,
Leauing free things and happy showes behinde,
But then the minde much sufferance doth ore-skip,
When griefe hath mates, and bearing fellowship:
How light and portable my paine seemes now,
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow;
He childed as I fatherd, *Tom* away,
Marke the high noises, and thy selfe bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts defile thee,
In thy iust proofe repeals and reconciles thee,
What will hap more to night, safe scape the King,
Lurke, lurke.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gonorill, and Bastard.

Corn. Poste speedily to my Lord your husband, shew him this Letter,
The army of *France* is landed, seeke out the villaine *Glocester*.
Regan. Hang him instantly.
Gon. Plucke out his eyes.
Corn. Leaue him to my displeasure, *Edmund* keepe you our sister company. The reuenge we are bound to take vpon your traiterous father, are not fit for your beholding, aduise the Duke where you are going to a most festuant preparation, wee are bound to the like.
Our poste shall be swift and intelligence betwixt vs;
Farwell deare sister, farwell my Lord of *Glocester*.
How now, wheres the King?

Enter

Enter Steward.

Stew. My Lord of *Gloceſter* hath conueyed him hence,
Some fiue or ſixe and thirty of his Knights hot queſtrits after him, met him at gate, who with ſome other of the Lords dependants are gone with him towards *Douer*, where they boaſt to haue well armed friends.

Corn. Get horſes for your miſtris.

Gon. Farwell ſweet Lord and ſiſter.

Exit Gon. and Baſt.

Corn. Edmund farwell: go ſeeke the traitor *Gloceſter*,
Pinion him like a theefe, bring him before vs,
Though we may not paſſe vpon his life
Without the forme of iuſtice, yet our power
Shall do a curteſie to our wrath, which men may blame
But not controle; who's there, the traitor?

Enter Gloceſter, brought in by two or three.

Reg. Ingratefull Fox tis he.

Corn. Binde faſt his corky armes.

Gloſt. What meanes your Graces, good my friends conſider,
You are my gueſts, do me no foule play friends.

Corn. Binde him I ſay.

Reg. Hard, hard, O filthy traitor!

Gloſt. Vnmercifull Lady as you are, I am true.

Corn. To this chaire binde him, villaine thou ſhalt find——

Gloſt. By the kinde Gods tis moſt ignobly done, to plucke me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and ſuch a Traitor, (my chin,

Gloſt. Naughty Lady, theſe haires which thou doſt rauiſh fró
Will quicken and accuſe thee, I am your hoſt:
With robbers hands, my hoſpitable fauours
You ſhould not ruffell thus, what will you do?

Corn. Come ſir, what letters had you late from *France*?

Reg. Be ſimple anſwerer, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy haue you with the traitors lately footed in the kingdome?

Reg. To whoſe hands haue you ſent the lunaticke king, ſpeak?

Gloſt.

Gloſt. I haue a letter gueſſingly ſet downe,
Which came from one that's of a neutrall heart,
And not from one oppoſed.

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And falſe.

Corn. Where haſt thou ſent the King?

Gloſt. To *Douer*.

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer*? waſt thou not charg'd at perill——

Corn. Wherefore to *Douer*? let him firſt anſwer that.

Gloſt. I am tide tot'h ſtake, and I muſt ſtand the courſe.

Reg. Wherefore to *Douer* ſir?

Gloſt. Becauſe I would not ſee thy cruell nayles
Plucke out his poore olde eyes, nor thy fierce ſiſter
In his aurynted fleſh raſh boriſh phangs,
The ſea with ſuch a ſtorme of his lou'd head
In hell blacke night endur'd, would haue laid vp
And quencht the ſteeled fires, yet poore old heart,
He holpt the heauens to rage,
If Wolues had at thy gate heard that dearne time,
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſaid, good Porter turne the key,
All cruels elſe ſubſcrib'd, but I ſhall ſee
The winged vengeance ouertake ſuch children.

Corn. See't ſhalt thou neuer, fellowes hold the chaire,
Vpon thoſe eies of thine, Ile ſet my foote.

Gloſt. He that will thinke to liue till he be old——
Giue me ſome helpe, ô cruell, ô ye Gods!

Reg. One ſide will mocke another, tother to.

Corn. If you ſee vengeance——

Seruant. Hold your hand my Lord,
I haue ſeru'd you euer ſince I was a childe, (hold.
But better ſeruice haue I neuer done you, then now to bid you

Reg. How now you dog.

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin, ide ſhake it on this quarrell, what do you meane?

Corn. My villaine. *Draw and fight.*

Ser. Why then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy ſword, a peſant ſtand vp thus.

She

She takes a sword, and runs at him behinde.

Seruant. Oh I am slaine my Lord, yet haue you one eye left to see some mischiefe on him, oh! *He dies.*

Corn. Least it see more, preuent it, out vilde Ielly,
Where is thy luster now?

Glost. All darke and comfortles, wheres my sonne *Edmund*?
Edmund vnbridle all the sparkes of nature, to quit this horrid acte.

Reg. Out villaine, thou calst on him that hates thee, it was hee that made the ouerture of thy treasons to vs, who is too good to pitty thee.

Glost. O my follies, then *Edgar* was abused,
Kinde Gods forgiue me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Goe thrust him out at gates, and let him smell his way to Douer, how ist my Lord? how looke you?

Corn. I haue receiued a hurt, follow me Lady,
Turne out that eyelesse villaine, throw this slaue vpon
The dunghill, *Regan* I bleed apace, vntimely
Comes this hurt, giue me your arme. *Exit.*

Seruant. Ile neuer care what wickednesse I do,
If this man come to good.

2. *Seruant.* If she liue long, and in the end meet the old course of death, women will all turne monsters.

1 *Ser.* Let's follow the old Earle, and get the bedlam
To lead him where he would, his rogish madnesse
Allowes it selfe to any thing.

2 *Ser.* Goe thou, ile fetch some flaxe and whites of egges to apply to his bleeding face, now heauen helpe him. *Exit.*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contemn'd,
Then still contemn'd and flattered to be worst,
The lowest and most deiected thing of Fortune
Stands still in experience, liues not in feare,
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returnes to laughter, Who's

Who's here, my father poorely led, world, world, ô world!
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,
Life would not yeeld to age.

Enter Gloster led by an olde man.

Old man. O my good Lord, I haue bene your tenant, & your fathers tenant this fourescore——

Glost. Away, get thee away, good friend be gone,
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old man. Alacke sir, you cannot see your way.

Glost. I haue no way, and therefore want no eies,
I stumbled when I saw, full oft tis seene
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects
Proone our commodities; ah deare sonne *Edgar*,
The food of thy abused fathers wrath,
Might I but liue to see thee in my tuch,
Ide say I had eyes againe.

Old man. How now, who's there?

Edg. O Gods, who ist can say I am at the worst,
I am worse then ere I was.

Old man. Tis poore mad *Tom*.

Edg. And worse I may be yet, the worst is not,
As long as we can say, this is the worst.

Old man. Fellow where goest?

Glost. Is it a begger man?

Old man. Mad man, and begger too.

Glost. He has some reason, else he could not beg,
In the last nights storme I such a fellow saw,
Which made me thinke a man a worme, my sonne
Came then into my minde, and yet my minde
Was then scarse friends with him, I haue heard more since,
As flyes are to'th wanton boyes, are we to'th Gods,
They bit vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be? bad is the trade that must play the foole to sorrow, angring it selfe and others; blesse thee master.

Glost. Is that the naked fellow?

Old man. I my Lord.

Glost. Then prethee get thee gone, if for my sake
Thou wilt ore-take vs here a mile or twaine
Ith'way to Douer, do it for ancient loue,
And bring some couering for this naked soule,
Who ile entreate to lead me.

Old man. Alacke sir he is mad.

Glost. Tis the times plague, when madmen leade the blinde,
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure,
Aboue the rest, be gone.

Old man. Ile bring him the best parrell that I haue,
Come on't what will.

Glo. Sirra, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore *Toms* a cold, I cannot dance it farther.

Glo. Come hither fellow.

Edg. Bleſſe thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Knowst thou the way to *Douer?*

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way, and foot-path,
Poore *Tom* hath beene scard out of his good wits,
Bleſſe the good man from the foule fiend,
Fiue fiends haue beene in poore *Tom* at once,
Of lust, as *Obidicut*, *Hobbididence* Prince of dumbneſſe,
Mahu of stealing, *Modo* of murder, *Stiberdigebit* of Mobing,
And *Mobing* who since posſesses chambermaids
And waiting women, so, bleſſe thee master.

Glo. Here take this purse, thou whom the heauens plagues
Haue humbled to all strokes, that I am wretched, makes thee
The happier, heauens deale so still,
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man
That stands your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feele, feele your power quickly,
So distribution should vnder exceſſe,
And each man haue enough: dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I master.

Glo. There is a cliffe, whose high and bending head
Lookes firmely in the confined deepe,
Bring me but to the very brim of it,

And ile repaire the misery thou dost beare,
With something rich about me,
From that place shall I no leading need.

Edg. Giue me thy arme, poore Tom shall lead thee.

Enter Gonorill and Bastard.

Gon. Welcome my Lord, I marualle our milde husband
Not met vs on the way: now, where's your Master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madame within, but neuer man so chang'd; I tolde him of the Army that was landed, he smiled at it, I told him you were coming, his answer was, the worse; of *Glosters* treachery, and of the loyall seruice of his sonne, when I enformd him, then he cald me sot, and told me I had turnd the wrong side out, what hee should most desire, seemes pleasant to him, what like offensiue.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish curre of his spirit
That dares not vndertake, heel not feele wrongs
Which tye him to an answer, our wishes on the way
May proue effects, backe *Edmund* to my brother,
Haſten his musters, and conduct his powers,
I must change armes at home, and giue the distaffe
Into my husbands hands; this trusty seruant
Shall passe betweene vs, ere long you are like to heare
If you dare venter in your owne behalfe
A mistresses coward, weare this spare speech,
Decline your head: this kisse if it durst speake,
Would stretch thy spirits vp into the ayre;
Conceiue, and faryewell.

Bast. Yours in the rankes of death.

Gon. My most deare Gloster, to thee womans seruices are due,
My foote vsurpes my head.

Stew. Madame, heere comes my Lord.

Exit Steward.

Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths sauour but themselues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benefited,
If that the heauens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That bearest a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eie deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fooles, do these villains pity
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noiseless
Land, with plumed helme thy slaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alacke, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe diuell, proper deformity seemes not in the fiend, so horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-couerd thing, for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnesse

To let these hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to dislocate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry your man-hood now———

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead, slaine by his seruant, going to put out the other eie of *Glosters*.

Alb. *Glosters* eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the acte, bending his sword
To his great master, who thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them feld him dead,
But not without that harmfull stroke,
Which since hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are aboue your Iustices,
That these our neather crimes so speedily can venge.
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, lost he his other eye?

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy Answer, tis from your sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloceſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancy plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
Ile reade and answer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eies?

Gent. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Gent. I my good Lord, twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.

Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue to thanke thee for the loue
Thou shewedst the King, and to reuenge thy eyes;

Come hether friend, tell me what more thou knoweſt.

Exit.

Enter Kent and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the King of *France* is ſo ſuddenly gone backe,
Know you the reaſon?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the ſtate, which ſince his comming foorth is thought of, which imports to the Kingdom, ſo much feare and danger that his perſonall returne was moſt required and neceſſary.

Kent. Who hath he left behinde him, Generall?

Gent. The Marſhall of *France*, Mounſieur *la Far.*

Kent. Did your letters pierce the Queene to any demonſtration of griefe?

Gent. I ſay ſhe tooke them, read them in my preſence,
And now and then an ample teare trild downe
Her delicate cheeke, it ſeemd ſhe was a Queene ore her paſſion,
Who moſt rebell-like, ſought to be King ore her.

Kent. O then it moued her.

Gent. Not to a rage, patience and ſorrow ſtreme,
Who ſhould expreſſe her goodlieſt, you haue ſeene
Sun-ſhine and raine at once, her ſmiles and teares,
Were like a better way, thoſe happy ſmilets
That plaid on her ripe lip, ſeeme not to know
What gueſts were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearles from Diamonds dropt; in briefe,
Sorrow would be a rarity moſt beloued,
If all could ſo become it.

Kent. Made ſhe no verball queſtion?

Gent. Faith once or twice ſhe heau'd the name of father
Pantingly foorth, as if it preſt her heart,
Cried ſiſters, ſiſters, ſhame of Ladies ſiſters;
Kent. Father, ſiſters, what ith ſtorme ith night?
Let pitty not be beleeu'd, there ſhe ſhooke
The holy water from her heauenly eyes,
And clamour moiſtened her, then away ſhe ſtarted,
To deale with griefe alone.

Kent, It is the ſtars, the ſtars aboue vs gouern our conditions,
Elſe

Elſe one ſelfe mate and mate could not beget
Such different iſſues; you ſpoke not with her ſince?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the King returnd?

Gent. No, ſince.

Kent. Well ſir, the poore diſtreſſed *Lear's* ith Towne,
Who ſometime in his better tune remembers
What we are come about, and by no meanes will yeeld to ſee his daughter.

Gent. Why good ſir?

Kent. A ſoueraigne ſhame ſo elbowes him, his own vnkindnes
That ſtript her from his benediction, turnd her
To forraine caſualties, gaue her deare rights
To his dog-hearted daughters; theſe things ſting his minde
So venomouſly, that burning ſhame detaines him from *Cordelia.*

Gent. Alacke poore Gentleman.

Kent. Of *Albanies* and *Cornwals* powers you heard not?

Gent. Tis ſo they are afoote.

Kent. Well ſir, ile bring you to our maſter *Lear,*
And leaue you to attend him, ſome deare cauſe
Will in concealement wrap me vp a while,
When I am knowne aright you ſhall not greeue,
Lending me this acquaintance, I pray you go along with me.

Exit.

Enter Cordelia, Doctor, and others.

Cor. Alacke tis he, why he was met euen now,
As mad as the vent ſea, ſinging aloud,
Crownd with ranke femiter and furrow weeds,
With hor-docks, hemlocke, nettles, coockow-flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weeds that grow
In our ſuſtaining, Corne, a century is ſent foorth,
Search euery acre in the high growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wiſedome do
In the reſtoring his bereaued ſence? he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.

Doct. There is meanes Madame,
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,

The

The which he lackes, that to prouoke in him
Are many ſimples operatiue, whoſe power
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.

Cord. All bleſt ſecrets, all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares, be aidant and remediat
In the good mans diſtreſſe, ſeeke, ſeeke for him,
Leaſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life,
That wants the meanes to leade it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſen. Newes Madam, the Britiſh powers are marching hetherward.

Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands
In expectation of them, ô deare Father,
It is thy buſineſſe that I go about, therefore great *France*,
My mourning and important teares hath pittied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes inſite,
But loue, deare loue, and our aged fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet foorth?

Stew. I Madam.

Reg. Himſelfe in perſon?

Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter's the better Soldier.

Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home?

Stew. No Madam.

Reg. What might import my ſiſters letter to him?

Stew. I know not Lady.

Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on a ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloceſters* eies being out,
To let him liue, where he arriues he moues
All hearts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone,
In pitty of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,
Moreouer to deſcrie the ſtrength of the Army.

Stew. I muſt needs after him with my Letters.

Reg. Our troope ſets foorth to morrow, ſtay with vs,

The wayes are dangerous.

Stew. I may not Madam, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this buſineſſe.

Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*? Might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word, belike
Something, I know not what, Ile loue thee much,
Let me vnſeale the Letter.

Stew. Madam Ide rather———

Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her husband,
I am ſure of that: and at her late being heere
She gaue ſtrange aliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To Noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her boſome.

Stew, I Madam.

Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding, for I know't,
Therefore I do aduiſe you take this note:
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand,
Then for your Ladies: you may gather more,
If you do finde him, pray you giue him this,
And when your miſtris heares thus much from you,
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her, ſo farewell,
If you do chance to heare of that blinde traitor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.

Stew. Would I could meet him Madam, I would ſhew
What Lady I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Edmund.

Glo. When ſhall we come to'th top of that ſame hill?

Edg. You do climbe it vp now, looke how we labour?

Glo. Me thinkes the ground is euen.

Edg. Horrible ſteepe: hearke, do you heare the ſea?

Glo. No truly.

Edg. Why then your other ſenſes grow imperfect
By your eies anguiſh.

Glo. So may it be indeed,
Methinkes thy voice is altered, and thou ſpeakſt

With better phraſe and matter then thou didſt.
Edg. Y'are much deceiued, in nothing am I changd,
But in my garments.
Glo. Me thinkes y'are better ſpoken.
Edg. Come on ſir, here's the place, ſtand ſtill, how fearfull
And dizy tis to caſt ones eyes ſo low:
The Crowes and Choughes that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as beetles, halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire, dreadfull trade,
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head:
The fiſhermen that walke vpon the beake
Appeare like Mice; and yon tall Anchoring barke
Diminiſht to her cocke; her cocke aboue
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring ſurge,
That on the vnnumbred idle peebles chafe,
Cannot be heard: it is ſo hie Ile looke no more
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.
Glo. Set me where yon ſtand.
Edg. Giue me your hand: you are now within a foot
Of the extreme verge; for all beneath the Moone
Would I not leape vpright.
Glo. Let go my hand:
Heere friend's another purſe, in it a Iewell
Well worth a poore mans taking. Fairies and Gods
Proſper it with thee: go thou farther off,
Bid me farewell, and let me heare thee going.
Edg. Now fare you well good ſir.
Glo. With all my heart.
Edg. Why I do trifle thus with his diſpaire, tis done to cure it.
Glo. O you mighty Gods, *He kneels*
This world I do renounce, and in your ſights
Shake patiently my great affliction off,
If I could beare it longer, and not fall
To quarrell with your great oppoſeleſſe wils,
My ſnuffe and loathed part of nature ſhould
Burne it ſelfe out: if *Edgar* liue, O bleſſe, *Now*

Now fellow fare thee well. *He falles*
Edg. Gon ſir, farewell, and yet I know not how conceite may
rob the treaſury of life, when life it ſelfe yeelds to the theft: had
he bene where he thought, by this thought had bene paſt: Aliue
or dead? Ho you ſir, heare you ſir, ſpeake, thus might hee paſſe
indeed, yet he reuiues, what are you ſir?
Glo. Away, and let me dye.
Edg. Hadſt thou bene ought but goſmore feathers ayre,
So many fadome downe precipitating,
Thou hadſt ſhiuerd like an Egge, but thou doſt breath,
Haſt heauy ſubſtance, bleedſt not, ſpeakſt, art ſound:
Ten Maſts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou haſt perpendicularly fell,
Thy lifes a miracle, ſpeake yet againe.
Glo. But haue I fallen or no?
Edg. From the dread ſummons of this chalkie borne,
Looke vp a hight; the ſhrill gorg'd Larke ſo farre
Cannot be ſeene or heard, do but looke vp.
Glo. Alacke, I haue no eyes:
Is wretchedneſſe depriu'd that benefite
To end it ſelfe by death? Twas yet ſome comfort,
When miſery could beguile the Tyrants rage,
And fruſtrate his proud will.
Edg. Giue me your arme:
Vp, ſo, how feele you your legges? you ſtand.
Glo. Too well, too well.
Edg. This is aboue all ſtrangeneſſe:
Vpon the crowne of the cliffe, what thing was that
Which parted from you?
Glo. A poore vnfortunate begger.
Edg. As I ſtood heere below, methought his eyes
Were two full Moones; a had a thouſand noſes,
Hornes, welkt and waued like the enridged ſea.
It was ſome fiend, therefore thou happy Father
Thinke that the cleereſt Gods, who made their honors
Of mens impoſſibilities, haue preſerued thee.
Glo. I do remember now, henceforth Ile beare

Affliction till it do cry out it selfe
Enough, enough, and dye: that thing you speake of,
I tooke it for a man: often would he say
The fiend, the fiend, he led me to that place.

Edg. Bare, free, and patient thoughts: but who comes heere,
The safer sense will nere accommodate his maister thus.

Enter Lear mad.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coyning, I am the King himselfe.

Edg. O thou side piercing sight.

Lear. Nature is aboue Art in that respect, ther's your presse-money. That fellow handles his bow like a Crow-keeper, draw me a clothiers yard. Looke, looke, a Mouse; peace, peace, this tosted cheese will do it. Ther's my gantlet, Ile proue it on a Gyant, bring vp the browne bils. O well flowne birde in the ayre. Hagh, giue the word.

Edg. Sweet Margerum.

Lear. Passe,

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha *Gonorill*, ha *Regan*, they flatter'd me like a dogge, and told me I had white haires in my beard, ere the black ones were there; to say I and no to all I saide: I and no too was no good Diuinity. When the raine came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter, when the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I found them, there I smelt them out: goe too, they are not men of their words, they told mee I was euery thing, tis a lye, I am not argue-proofe.

Glost. The tricke of that voyce I doe well remember, ist not the King?

Lear I, euery inch a King: when I do stare see how the subiect quakes: I pardon that mans life, what was thy cause, Adulterie? thou shalt not dye for adultery: no, the wren goes toot, and the small guilded flye do letcher in my sight; let copulation thriue. For *Glosters* bastard son was kinder to his father then my daughters got tweene the lawfull sheets, toot Luxury, pell mell, for I want souldiers. Behold yon simpring dame, whose face between her

her forkes presageth snow, that minces vertue, and do shake the head, heare of pleasures name to fichew, nor the soyled Horsse goes toot with a more riotous appetite: downe from the waste they are Centaures, though women all aboue, but to the girdle do the gods inherit, beneath is all the fiends, theres Hell, theres darkenesse, theres the sulphury pit, burning, scalding, stench, consummation, fie, fie, fie, pah, pah: Giue mee an ounce of Ciuet, good Apothecary, to sweeten my imagination, ther's money for thee.

Glo. O let me kisse that hand.

Lear. Here wipe it first, it smels of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd peece of nature, this great world shold so weare out to naught, do you know me?

Lear. I remember thy eyes well enough, dost thou squiny on me: no, do thy worst blinde Cupid, Ile not loue: Read thou that challenge, marke the penning on't.

Glo. Were all the letters suns I could not see one.

Edg. I would not take this from report, it is, & my hart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes.

Lear. O ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head nor money in your purse? your eyes are in a heauy case, your purse in a light; yet you see how this world goes?

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lea. What art mad? A man may see how the world goes with no eyes. Looke with thy eares, see how yon Iustice railes vppon yon simple theefe: hearke in thy eare, handy dandy, which is the theefe, which is the Iustice. Thou hast seene a farmers dog barke at a begger.

Glo. I sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightst behold the great image of Authoritie, a dogge, so bad in office. Thou Rascall Beadle hold thy bloody hand; why dost thou lash that whore? strip thine owne backe, thy blood hotly lusts to vse her in that kind for which thou whipst her. The vsurer hangs the cozener, through tattered ragges small vices do appeare, Robes

and furd-gownes hides all. Get thee glaſſe eyes, and like a ſcurvy politician, ſeeme to ſee the things thou doeſt not; No, now pull off my boots, harder, harder, ſo.

Edg. O matter and impertinency, mixt reaſon in madneſſe.

Lear. If thou wilt weepe my fortune, take my eyes; I know thee well enough, thy name is Gloſter, thou muſt be patient, we came crying hither: thou knowſt the firſt time that we ſmell the aire, we waile and cry. I will preach to thee, marke me.

Glo. Alack, alack, the day.

Lear. When we are borne, we crie that wee are come to this great ſtage of fooles: this a good blocke. It were a delicate ſtratagem to ſhoot a troope of horſe with fell, and when I haue ſtole vpon theſe ſonnes in law, then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill.

Enter three Gentlemen.

Gent. O here he is, lay hands vpon him ſirs.

Lear. No reſcue, what a priſoner? I am eene the naturall foole of Fortune: vſe me well, you ſhall haue a ranſom. Let me haue a Chirurgeon, I am cut to'th braines.

Gent. You ſhall haue any thing.

Lear. No ſeconds, all my ſelfe: why this would make a man of ſalt to vſe his eyes for garden water-pottes, I and laying Autumnes duſt. *Gent.* Good Sir.

Lear. I will dye bravely like a Bridegroome. What, I will bee iouiall: Come, come, I am a King my maſters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royall one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then theres life iut, nay if you get it you ſhall get it with running. *Exit King running.*

Gent. A ſight moſt pittifull in the meaneſt wretch, paſt ſpeaking of in a king: thou haſt one daughter who redeemes nature from the generall curſe which twaine hath brought her to.

Edg. Haile gentle ſir.

Gent. Sir ſpeed you, what's your will?

Edg. Do you heare ought of a battell toward?

Gent. Moſt ſure and vulgar, euery ones heares
That can diſtinguiſh ſenſe.

Edg. But by your fauour, how neeres the other army?

Gent.

Gent. Neere and on ſpeed for't, the maine deſcries,
Stands on the bourely thoughts.

Edg. I thanke you ſir, thats all.

Gent. Though that the Queene on ſpeciall cauſe is heere,
His army is mou'd on. *Exit*

Edg. I thanke you ſir.

Glo. You euer gentle gods take my breath from me,
Let not my worſer ſpirit tempt me againe,
To dye before you pleaſe.

Edg. Well pray you father.

Glo. Now good ſir what are you.

Edg. A moſt poore man, made lame by fortunes blowes,
Who by the Art of knowne and feeling ſorrowes
Am pregnant to good pitty. Giue me your hand,
Ile leade you to ſome biding.

Gloſt. Hearty thankes, the bounty and the benizon of heauen to boot, to boot.

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize, moſt happy; that eyles head of thine was firſt framed fleſh to raiſe my fortunes. Thou moſt vnhappy Traitor, briefely thy ſelfe remember, the ſword is out that muſt deſtroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand put ſtrength enough to't.

Stew. Wherefore bolde pezant darſt thou ſupport a publiſht traytor, hence leaſt the infection of his fortune take like hold on thee, let go his arme.

Edg. Chill not let go ſir without cagion.

Stew. Let go ſlaue, or thou dieſt.

Edg. Good Gentleman goe your gate, let poore volke paſſe: and chud haue beene zwaggar'd out of my life, it wold not haue bene zo long by a vortnight: nay come not neere the olde man, keepe out cheuore ye, or ile try whether your coſtard or my bat be the harder, chill be plaine with you.

Stew. Out dunghill. *They fight.*

Edg. Chil pick your teeth zir, come no matter for your foines.

Stew.

Stew. Slaue thou haſt ſlaine me, Villaine take my purſe:
If euer thou wilt thriue, bury my body,
And giue the Letters which thou findſt about me
To *Edmund* Earle of Gloſter, ſeeke him out, vpon
The Britiſh party: ô vntimely death! death.

He dyes.

Edg. I know thee well, a ſeruiceable villaine,
As dutious to the vices of thy Miſtris,
As badneſſe would deſire.

Glo. What is he dead?

Edg. Sit you downe father, reſt you, lets ſee his pockets,
Theſe Letters that he ſpeakes of may be my friends,
Hee's dead, I am onely ſorry he had no other deathſman.
Let vs ſee, leaue gentle wax, and manners blame vs not,
To know our enemies minds wee'd rip their hearts,
Their papers is more lawfull.

A Letter.

Let your reciprocall vowes be remembred,
You haue many opportunities to cut him off.
If your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done: If he returne the Conqueror,
Then am I the priſoner, and his bed my Iayle,
From the loath'd warmth whereof deliuer me,
And ſupply the place for your labour.

Your wife (ſo I would ſay) & your affectionate ſeruant,

Gonorill.

Edg. O vndiſtinguiſht ſpace of womans wit,
A plot vpon her vertuous husbands life,
And the exchange my Brother: heere in the ſands
Thee Ile rake vp, the poſt vnſanctified
Of murtherous letchers, and in the mature time
With this vngracious paper ſtrike the ſight
Of the death practiſd Duke, for him tis well,
That of his death and buſineſſe I can tell.

Glo. The King is mad, how ſtiffe is my vilde ſenſe,
That I ſtand vp, and haue ingenious feeling

Of my huge ſorrowes, better I were diſtract,
So ſhould my thoughts be fenced from my greeſes,
And woes by wrong imaginations, loſe
The knowledge of themſelues.

A Drumme afarre off.

Edg. Giue me your hand:
Farre off methinkes I heare the beaten drum.
Come Father Ile beſtow you with a friend. *Exit*

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Doctor.

Cor. O thou good *Kent*,
How ſhall I liue and worke to match thy goodneſſe,
My life will be too ſhort, and euery meaſure faile me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd Madam is ore-paid,
All my reports go with the modeſt truth,
Nor more, nor clipt, but ſo.

Cor. Be better ſuited,
Theſe weeds are memories of thoſe worſer houres,
I prethee put them off.

Kent. Pardon me deere Madam,
Yet to be knowne ſhortens my made intent,
My boone I make it that you know me not,
Till time and I thinke meet.

Cor. Then be it ſo: my Lord how does the king.

Doct. Madam ſleepes ſtill.

Cor. O you kinde Gods,
Cure this great breach in his abuſed nature,
The vntun'd and hurrying ſenſes, O winde vp,
Of this childe-changed Father.

Doct. So pleaſe your Maieſty, we may wake the King,
He hath ſlept long.

Cor. Be gouern'd by your knowledge, and proceede
Ith ſway of your owne will: is he array'd?

Doct. I Madam, in the heauineſſe of his ſleepe,
We put freſh garments on him.

Kent. Good Madam be by when we do awake him,
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Doct. Please you draw neere: louder the musicke there.

Cor. O my deere father,
Restoration hang thy medicine on my lippes,
And let this kisse repaire those violent harmes
That my two sisters haue in thy reuerence made.

Kent. Kinde and deere Princesse.

Cor. Had you not bin their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pitty of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring windes,
To stand against the deepe dread bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quicke crosse lightning, to watch poore *Per du*,
With this thin helme? Mine iniurious dogge,
Though he had bit me, should haue stood that night
Against my fire, and wast thou faine (poore father)
To houill thee with swine and rogues forlorne,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alacke,
Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once,
Had not concluded all. He wakes, speake to him.

Doct. Madam do you, tis fittest.

C. How does my royal lord? how fares your maiesty

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out a'th graue,
Thou art a soule in bliss, but I am bound
Vpon a wheele of fire, that mine owne teares
Do scald like molten Lead.

Cor. Sir, know ye me?

Lear. Y'are a spirit I know, when did you dye?

Cor. Still, still, farre wide.

Doct. He's scarse awake, let him alone awhile.

Lea. Where haue I bin? where am I? faire day light!
I am mightily abus'd; I should eue dye with pity
To see another thus. I know not what to say:
I will not sweare these are my hands, let's see,
I feele this pin pricke, would I were assur'd of my con-
(dition.

Cor. O looke vpon me sir,
And hold your hands in benediction ore me,

No

No sir, you must not kneele.

Lear. Pray do not mocke me:
I am a very foolish fond olde man,
Fourescore and vpward, and to deale plainly,
I feare I am not perfect in my minde.
Me thinkes I should know you, and know this man,
Yet I am doubtfull: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I haue
Remembers not these garments: nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do no laugh at me,
For (as I am a man) I thinke this Lady
To be my childe *Cordelia*.

Cor. And so I am.

Lear. Be your teares wet? Yes faith: I pray weepe not,
If you haue poison for me I will drinke it:
I know you do not loue me, for your sisters
Haue (as I do remember) done me wrong,
You haue some cause, they haue not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your owne kingdome sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doct. Be comforted good Madame, the great rage you see is cured in him, and yet it is danger to make him euen ore the time hee has lost; desire him to goe in, trouble him no more till further setling.

Cor. Wilt please your Highnesse walke?

Lear. You must beare with me:
Pray now forget and forgiue,
I am olde and foolish. *Exeunt.*

Manet Kent and Gentleman.

Gen. Holds it true sir that the Duke of *Cornwall* was so slaine?

Kent. Most certaine sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As tis said, the bastard sonne of Gloster.

Gent. They say *Edgar* his banisht sonne, is with the Earle of

Kent in *Germany*.

Kent. Report is changeable, tis time to looke about,
The powers of the kingdome approch apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody, fare you well ſir.

Kent. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this dayes battels fought.

Enter Edmund, Regan, and their powers.

Baſt. Know of the Duke if his laſt purpoſe holde,
Or whether ſince he is aduiſd by ought
To change the courſe, he is full of alteration
And ſelfe-reprouing, bring his conſtant pleaſure.

Reg. Our ſiſters man is certainly miſcarried.

Baſt. Tis to be doubted Madam.

Reg. Now ſweet Lord,
You know the goodneſſe I intend vpon you:
Tell me truly, but then ſpeake the truth,
Do you not loue my ſiſter?

Baſt. I honor'd loue.

Reg. But haue you neuer found my brothers way,
To the forefended place?

Baſt. That thought abuſes you.

Reg. I am doubtfull that you haue beene coniunct
And boſom'd with her, as farre as we call hers.

Baſt. No by mine honor Madam.

Reg. I neuer ſhall endure her,
Deere my Lord be not familiar with her.

Baſt. Feare me not, ſhe and the Duke her husband.

Enter Albany and Gonorill with troopes.

Gon. I had rather looſe the battell
Then that ſiſter ſhould looſen him and me.

Alb. Our very louing ſiſter well be-met,
For this I heare the King is come to his daughter
With others, whom the rigour of our State
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honeſt
I neuer yet was valiant: for this buſineſſe

It toucheth vs, as France inuades our land
Not bolds the king, with others whom I feare,
Moſt iuſt and heauy cauſes make oppoſe.

Baſt. Sir you ſpeake nobly.

Regan. Why is this reaſon'd?

Gon. Combine together gainſt the enemy,
For theſe domeſticke doore particulars,
Are not to queſtion heere.

Alb. Let vs then determine
With the Ancient of warre on our proceedings.

Baſt. I ſhall attend you preſently at your Tent.

Reg. Sifter youle go with vs?

Gon. No.

Reg. Tis moſt conuenient, pray you go with vs.

Gon. O ho, I know the Riddle, I will go. *Exit*

Enter Edgar.

Edg. If ere your Grace had ſpeech with one ſo poore,
Heare me one word.

Alb. Ile ouertake you, ſpeake.

Edg. Before you fight the battell, ope this Letter,
If you haue victory let the trumpet ſounde
For him that brought it, wretched though I ſeeme,
I can produce a Champion, that will proone
What is auouched there. If you miſcarry,
Your buſineſſe of the world hath ſo an end,
Fortune loue you.

Alb. Stay till I haue read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it,
When time ſhall ſerue let but the Herald cry,
And Ile appeare againe. *Exit*

Alb. Why fare thee well, I will looke ore the paper.

Enter Edmund.

Baſt. The enemy's in view, draw vp your powers,
Hard is the gueſſe of their great ſtrength and forces
By diligẽt diſcouery, but your haſt is now vrgd on you

Alb. We will greet the time.

Baſt. To both theſe ſiſters haue I ſworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the ſting are of the Adder,
Which of them ſhall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the Widdow,
Exaſperates, makes mad her ſiſter *Gonorill*,
And hardly ſhall I carry out my ſide
Her husband being aliue. Now then wee'l vſe
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuiſe
His ſpeedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer ſee his pardon: for my ſtate
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the ſtage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloſter.

Edg. Heere Father, take the ſhadow of this buſh
For your good hoaſt: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort. *Exit*

Glo. Grace go with you ſir.

Alarum and retreat. *Enter Edgar.*

Edg. Away olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath loſt, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther ſir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? Men muſt endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripeneſſe is all come on. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia priſoners.

Baſt. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleaſures beſt be knowne
That

That are to cenſure them.

Cor. We are not the firſt,
Who with beſt meaning haue incurr'd the worſt:
For thee oppreſſed King am I caſt downe,
My ſelfe could elſe out-frowne falſe fortunes frowne.
Shall we not ſee theſe daughters, and theſe ſiſters?

Lear. No, no, come let's away to priſon,
We two alone will ſing like birds i'th cage:
When thou doſt aske me bleſſing, Ile kneele downe
And aske of thee forgiueneſſe: ſo weell liue,
And pray, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded Butterflies, and heare poore Rogues
Talke of Court newes, and weel talke with them too,
Who looſes, and who wins; whoſe in, whoſe out;
And take vpon's the myſtery of things,
As if we were Gods ſpies: and weel weare out
In a walld priſon, packes and ſects of great ones,
That ebbe and flow by the Moone.

Baſt. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon ſuch ſacrifices my *Cordelia*
The gods themſelues throw incenſe. Haue I caught thee?
He that parts vs ſhall bring a brand from heauen,
And fire vs hence like Foxes, wipe thine eyes,
The good ſhall deuoure em, fleach and fell,
Ere they ſhall make vs weepe? Weele ſee em ſtarue firſt. *Exit*

Baſt. Come hither Captaine, hearke.
Take thou this note, go follow them to priſon,
One ſtep I haue aduanc't thee, if thou doſt as this inſtructs thee,
Thou doſt make thy way to Noble fortunes:
Know thou this, that men are as the time is;
To be tender minded does not become a ſword,
Thy great employment will not beare queſtion,
Either ſay thou't do't, or thriue by other meanes.

Cap. Ile doo't my Lord.

Baſt. About it, and write happy when thou haſt done,
Marke I ſay inſtantly, and carry it ſo
As I haue ſet it downe.

Cap

Cap. I cannot draw a Cart, nor eate dryed oates,
If it be mans worke, Ile doo't.

Enter the Duke, the two Ladies, and others.

Alb. Sir you haue shewne to day your valiant straine,
And Fortune led you well: you haue the Captiues
That were the opposites of this dayes strife:
We do require then of you so to vse them,
As we shall finde their merits, and our safety
May equally determine.
Bast. Sir I thought it fit,
To send the olde and miserable King
To some retention, and appointed guard,
Whose age has charmes in it, whose Title more,
To plucke the common blossomes of his side,
And turne our imprest Launces in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the Queene:
My reason all the same, and they are ready to morrow,
Or at a further space, to appeare where you shall hold
Your Session at this time: we sweate and bleed,
The friend hath lost his friend, and the best quarrels
In the heate are curst by those that feele their sharpenesse.
The question of *Cordelia* and her father
Requires a fitter place,
Alb. Sir by your patience,
I hold you but a subiect of this warre, not as a brother.
Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinkes our pleasure should haue beene demanded
Ere you had spoke so farre. He led our powers,
Bore the Commission of my place and person,
The which immediate may well stand vp,
And call it selfe your brother.
Gon. Not so hot: in his owne grace he doth exalt himselfe,
More then in your aduancement.
Reg. In my right by me inuested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.
Reg. Iesters do oft proue Prophets.

Gonor.

Gon. Hola, hola, that eye that told you so, lookt but a squint.
Reg. Lady I am not well, else I should answer
From a full flowing stomacke. Generall,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony,
Witnesse the world, that I create thee heere
My Lord and master.
Gon. Meane you to enioy him then?
Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.
Bast. Nor in thine Lord.
Alb. Halfe blooded fellow, yes.
Bast. Let the drum strike, and proue my title good.
Alb. Stay yet, heare reason: *Edmund*, I arrest thee
On capitall treason; and in thine attaint,
This gilded Serpent: for your claime faire sister,
I bare it in the interest of my wife,
Tis she is subcontracted to her Lord,
And I her husband contradict the banes.
If you will marry, make your loue to me,
My Lady is bespoke. Thou art arm'd Gloster,
If none appeare to proue vpon thy head,
Thy hainous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge, Ile proue it on thy heart
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing lesse
Then I haue heere proclaim'd thee.
Reg. Sicke, O sicke.
Gon. If not, Ile nere trust poyson.
Bast. Ther's my exchange, what in the world he is,
That names me traitor, villain-like he lyes,
Call by thy Trumpet, he that dares approach
On him, on you, who not, I will maintaine
My truth and honor firmely.
Alb. A Herald ho.
Bast. A herald ho, a herald.
Alb. Trust to thy single vertue, for thy soldiers
All leuied in my name, haue in my name tooke their discharge.
Reg. This sickenesse growes vpon me.
Alb. She is not well, conuey her to my tent,

Come hither Herald, let the Trumpet sound, and read our this.

Cap. Sound Trumpet.

Her. If any man of quality or degree, in the hoast of the Army, will maintaine vpon *Edmund*, supposed Earle of Gloceſter, that he's a manifold traitor, let him appeare at the thirde sound of the Trumpet: he is bold in his defence.

Bast. Sound. Againe.

Enter Edgar at the third sound, with a trumpet before him.

Alb. Aske him his purposes, why he appeares
Vpon this call o'th trumpet?

Her. What are you? your name and quality?
And why you answer this present summons?

Edg. O know my name is lost by Treasons tooth:
Bare-gnawne and canker-bit,
Whe re is the aduersary I come to cope with all?

Alb. What is that aduersary?

Edg. What's he that speakes for *Edmund* Earle of Gloster?

Bast. Himselfe, what sayst thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword,
That if my speech offend a noble heart, thy arme
May do thee iustice, heere is mine:
Behold it is the priuiledge of my tongue,
My oath and profession. I protest,
Maugre thy strength, youth, place and eminence,
Despight thy victor, sword, and fire new fortun'd,
Thy valor, and thy heart, thou art a traitor:
False to the gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspicuate gainst this high illustrious Prince,
And from th'extremest vpward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor: say thou no,
This sword, this arme, and my best spirits,
Is bent to proue vpon thy heart, whereto I speake thou lyest.

Bast. In wisedome I should aske thy name,
But since thy outside lookes so faire and warlike,
And that thy being some say of breeding breathes,
By right of knight-hood I disdaine and spurne,

With

With the hell hatedly ore-turn'd thy heart,
Which for they yet glance by, and scarsely bruise,
This sword of mine shall giue them instant way,
Where they shall rest for euer, Trumpets speake.

Alb. Saue him, saue him.

Gon. This is meere practise Gloster, by the law of Armes
Thou art not bound to offer an vnknowne opposite,
Thou art not vanquisht, but cousned and beguild.

Alb. Stop your mouth Dame, or with this paper shall I stop it: thou worse then any thing, reade thine owne euill. Nay, no tearing Lady, I perceiue you know't.

Gon. Say if I do, the lawes are mine not thine, who shal araign me for it.

Alb. Monster, knowst thou this paper?

Gon. Aske me not what I know. *Exit Gonorill.*

Alb. Go after her, she's desperate, gouerne her.

Bast. What you haue charg'd me with, that haue I done,
And more, much more, the time will bring it out.
Tis past, and so am I: but what art thou that hast this fortune on me? If thou beest noble, I do forgiue thee.

Edg. Let's exchange charity,
I am no lesse in blood then thou art *Edmund*,
If more, the more thou hast wrongd me.
My name is *Edgar*, and thy fathers sonne,
The Gods are iust, and of our pleasant vertues
Make instruments to scourge vs: the darke and vitious place
Where he thee got, cost him his eyes.

Bast. Thou hast spoken truth,
The wheele is come full circkled, I am heere.

Alb. Me thought thy very gate did propheſie
A royall noblenesse, I must embrace thee,
Let sorow split my heart if I did euer hate thee or thy father.

Edg. Worthy Prince I know it.

Alb. Where haue you hid your selfe?
How haue you knowne the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them my Lord,
List a breefe tale, and when tis told,

O that my heart would burſt. The bloody proclamation
To eſcape that followed me ſo neere,
(O our liues ſweetneſſe, that with the paine of death
VVould hourely dye, rather then dye at once)
Taught me to ſhift into a mad-mans rags,
To aſſume a ſemblance that very dogges diſdain'd:
And in this habit met I my father with his bleeding rings,
The precious ſtones new loſt; Became his guide,
Led him, begd for him, ſau'd him from diſpaire.
Neuer (O Father) reuealed my ſelfe vnto him,
Vntill ſome halfe houre paſt when I was arm'd,
Not ſure, though hoping of this good ſucceſſe,
I askt his bleſſing, and from firſt to laſt
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawd heart
Alacke too weake the conflict to ſupport,
Twixt two extremes of paſſion, ioy and greeſe,
Burſt ſmilingly.

Baſt. This ſpeech of yours hath moued me,
And ſhall perchance do good, but ſpeake you on,
You looke as you had ſomething more to ſay.

Alb. If there be any more more wofull, hold it in,
For I am almoſt readie to diſſolue.

Edg. This would haue ſeem'd a period to ſuch
As loue not ſorrow, but another to amplifie too much,
VVould make much more, and top extremity.
VVhilſt I was big in clamor, came there in a man,
VVho hauing ſeene me in my worſt eſtate,
Shund my abhord ſociety: but their finding
VVho twas that ſo indur'd, with his ſtrong armes
He faſtened on my necke, and bellowd out
As hee'd burſt heauen, threw me on my father,
And told the pitteous tale of *Lear* and him,
That euer eare receiued, which in recounting
His greeſe grew puiſant, and the ſtrings of life
Began to cracke twice, then the trumpets ſounded,
And there I left him traunſt.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg.

Edg. Kent ſir, the baniſht *Kent*, who in diſguiſe,
Followed his enemy king, and did him ſeruice
Improper for a ſlaue.

Enter one with a bloody knife.

Gent. Helpe, helpe.

Alb. What kinde of helpe? what meanes that bloody knife?

Gent. Its hot, it ſmokes, it came euen from the heart of——

Alb. Who man? ſpeake.

Gent. Your Lady ſir, your Lady; and her ſiſter
By her is poyſon'd: ſhe has confeſt it.

Baſt. I was contracted to them both, all three
Now marry in an inſtant.

Alb. Produce their bodies be they aliue or dead:
This iuſtice of the heauens that makes vs tremble,
Touches not with pity. *Enter Kent.*

Edg. Here comes *Kent* ſir.

Alb. O tis he, the time will not allow
The complement that very manners vrges.

Kent. I am come to bid my King and maſter aye good night,
Is he not heere?

Alb. Great things of vs forgot. Speake *Edmund*, where's the king, and wher's *Cordelia*? Seeſt thou this obiect *Kent*?

The bodies of Gonorill & Regan are brought in.

Kent. Alacke, why thus.

Baſt. Yet *Edmund* was belou'd: the one the other poiſond for my ſake, and after ſlew her ſelfe.

Alb. Euen ſo, couer their faces.

Baſt. I pant for life: ſome good I meane to do deſpight of my owne nature. Quickly ſend, bee briefe, into the Caſtle for my Writ, tis on the life of *Lear*, & on *Cordelia*: nay, ſend in time.

Alb. Run, run, O run.

Edg. To who my Lord? who hath the office?
Send thy token of repreeue.

Baſt. Well thought on, take my ſword, giue it the Captaine.

Alb. Haſt thee for thy life.

Baſt. He hath commiſſion from thy wife & me, to hang *Cordelia* in the priſon, and to lay the blame vpon her own deſpaire.

Alb. The Gods defend her, beare him hence a while.

Enter Lear with Cordelia in his armes.

Lear. Howle, howle, howle, howle: O you are men of stones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, I would vse them so,
That heauens vault should cracke: O, she is gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
Shees dead as earth: Lend me a looking-glasse,
If that her breath will mist and staine the stone, she then liues.

Kent. Is this the promist end?

Edg. Or image of that horror? *Alb.* Fall and cease.

Lear. This feather stirs, she liues, if it be so, it is a chance that do's redeeme all sorrowes that euer I haue felt.

Kent A my good master.

Lear. Prethee away.

Edg. Tis Noble *Kent* your friend.

Lear. A plague vpon you murdrous traitors all, I might haue saued her, now shees gone for euer: *Cordelia, Cordelia,* stay a little. What ist thou sayst? her voice was euer soft, gentle & low, an excellent thing in women. I kild the slaue that was a hanging thee. *Cap.* Tis true my Lords hee did.

Lear. Did I not fellow? I ha seene the day, that with my biting Fauchion I would haue made them skip: I am old now, and these same crosses spoile me. Who are you? Mine eyes are none o'th best, Ile tell you straight.

Kent. If Fortune bragd of two she loued or hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. Are not you *Kent*?

Kent. The same your seruant *Kent*, wher is your seruāt *Caius*?

Lear. Hees a good fellow, I can tell that,
Heel strike and quickly too, hees dead and rotten.

Kent. No my good Lord, I am the very man.

Lear. Ile see that straight.

Kent. That from your life of difference and decay,
Haue followed your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hether.

Kent. Nor no man else: All's cheereless, darke, and deadly,
Your eldest daughters haue fore-doom'd themselues,
And

And desperately are dead. *Lear.* So I thinke too.

Alb. He knowes not what he sees, and vaine it is
That we present vs to him.

Edgar Very bootlesse. *Enter Captaine*

Cap: Edmund is dead my Lord.

Alb: Thats but a trifle heere: you Lords and Noble friends, know our intent, what comfort to this decay may come, shalbe applied: for vs we will resigne during the life of this old maiesty to him our absolute power, you to your rights with boote, and such addition as your honors haue more then merited, al friends shall taste the wages of their vertue, and all foes the cup of their deseruings: O see, see.

Lear. And my poore foole is hangd: no, no life, why should a dog, a horse, a rat haue life, and thou no breath at all? O thou wilt come no more, neuer, neuer, neuer: pray vndo this button; thanke you sir, O, o, o, o, o.

Edg, He faints, my Lord, my Lord.

Lear: Breake heart, I prethe breake.

Edg: Looke vp my Lord.

Kent: Vex not his ghost, O let him passe,
he hates him much, that would vpon the wracke
Of this tough world stretch him out longer.

Edg: O he is gone indeed.

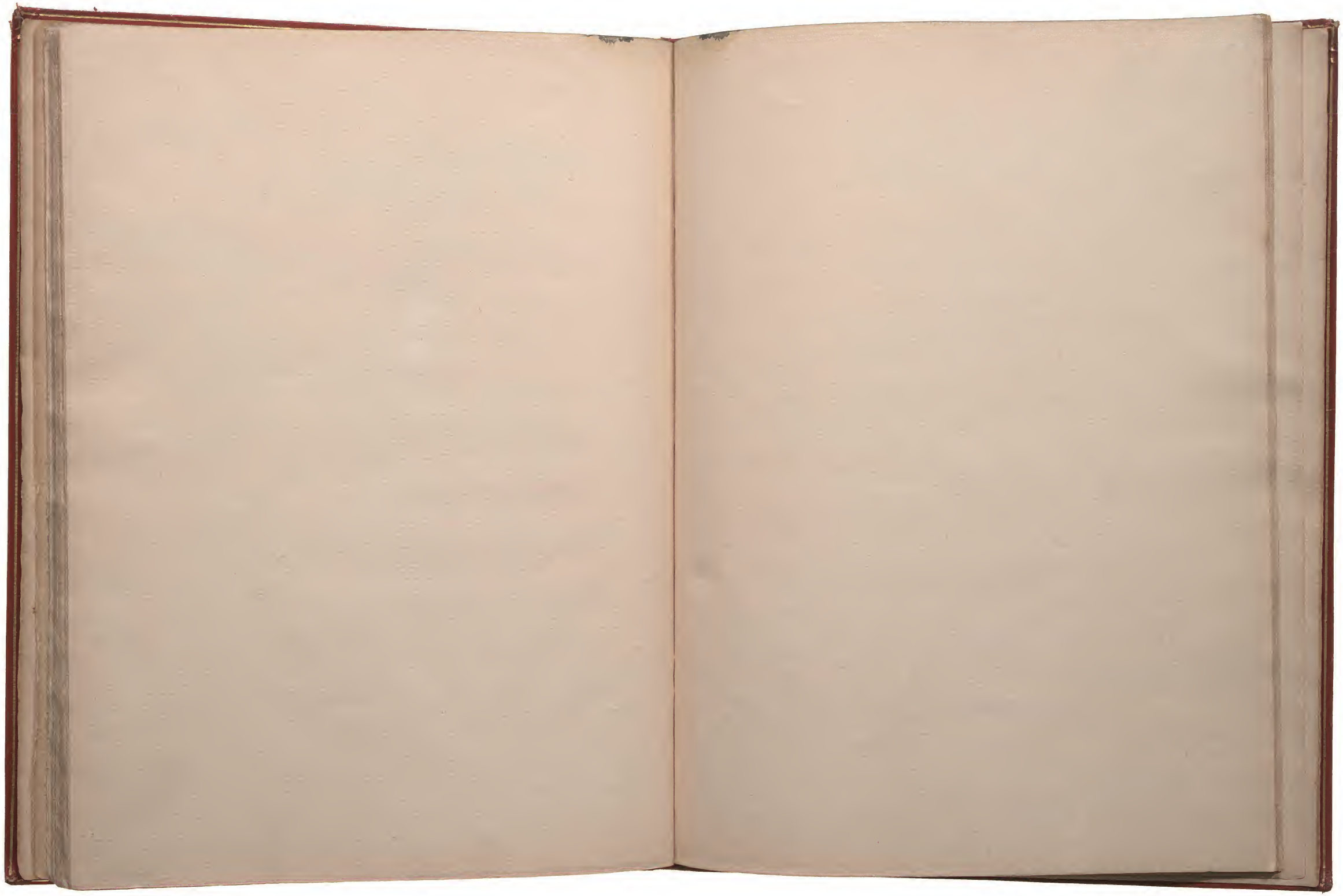
Kent: The wonder is, he hath endured so long,
He but vsurpt his life.

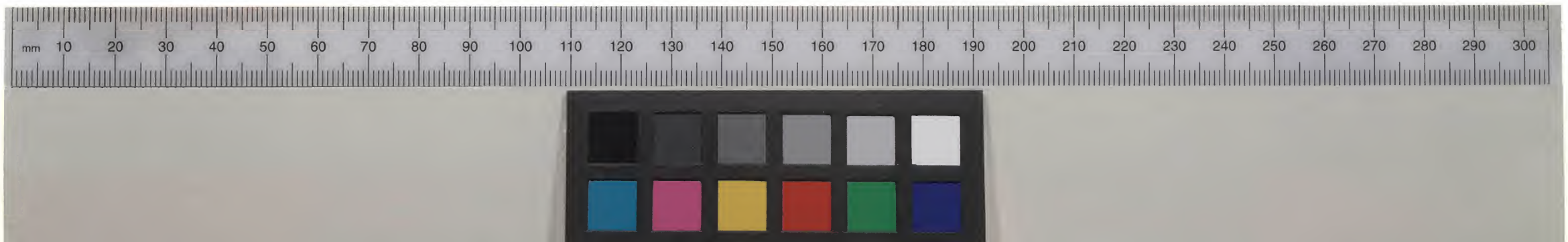
Duke: Beare them from hence, our present businesse
Is to generall woe: friends of my soule, you twaine
Rule in this kingdome, and the good state sustaine.

Kent: I haue a iourney sir, shortly to go,
My master cals, and I must not say no.

Duke The waight of this sad time we must obay,
Speake what we feele, not what we ought to say:
The oldest haue borne most, we that are yong,
Shall neuer see so much, nor liue so long.

FINIS.

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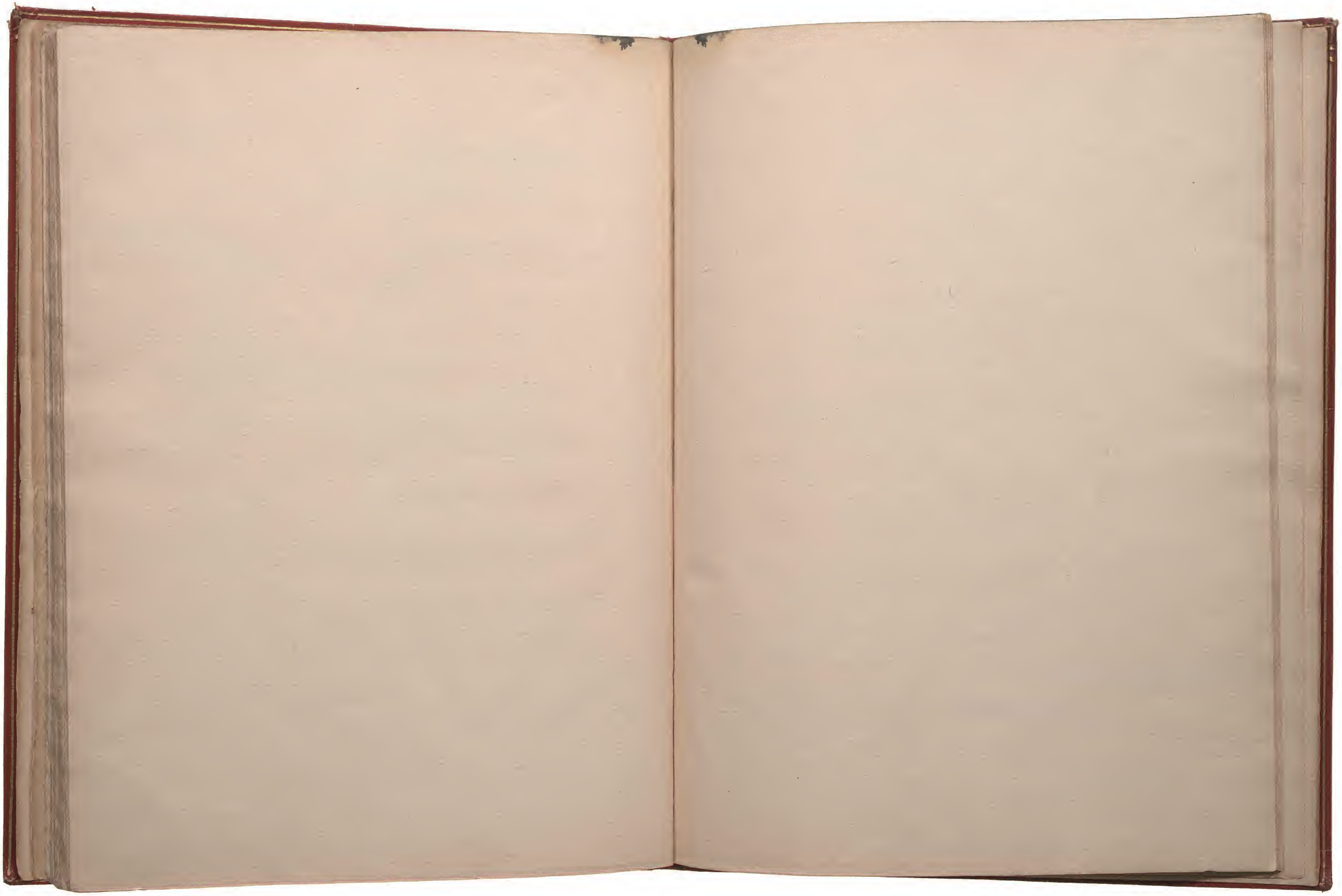

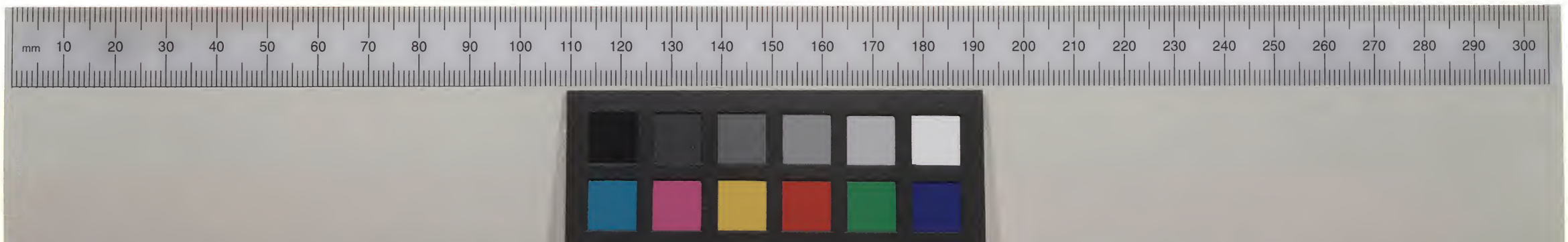
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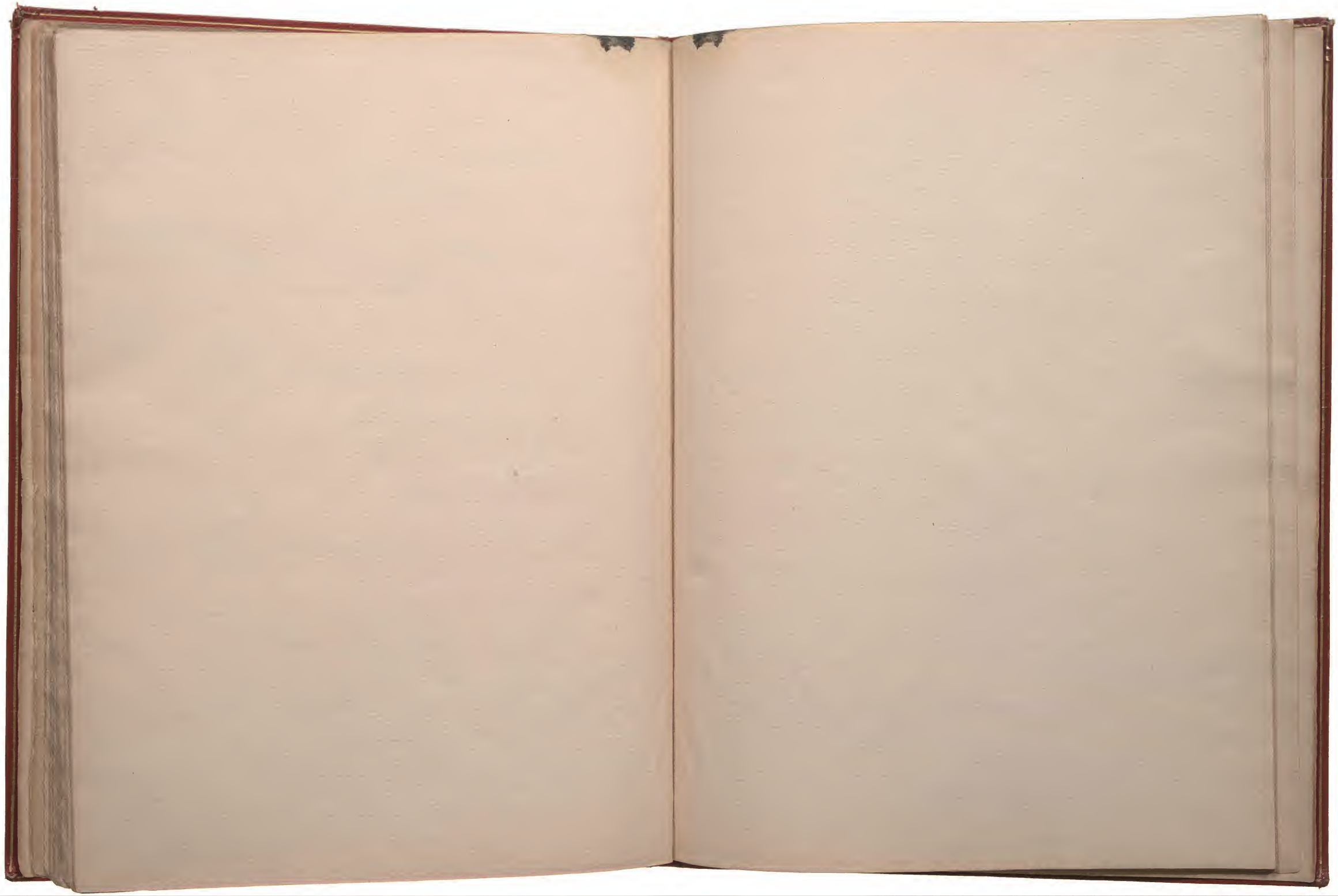

DEPARTMENT OF MANUSCRIPTS

Record of Treatment, Extraction, Repair, etc.

of ~~M.S.~~ no. C34 k19

Date	Particulars	Name
12.02.2003	Front endleaves reattached. Kozo Tusp.	U.

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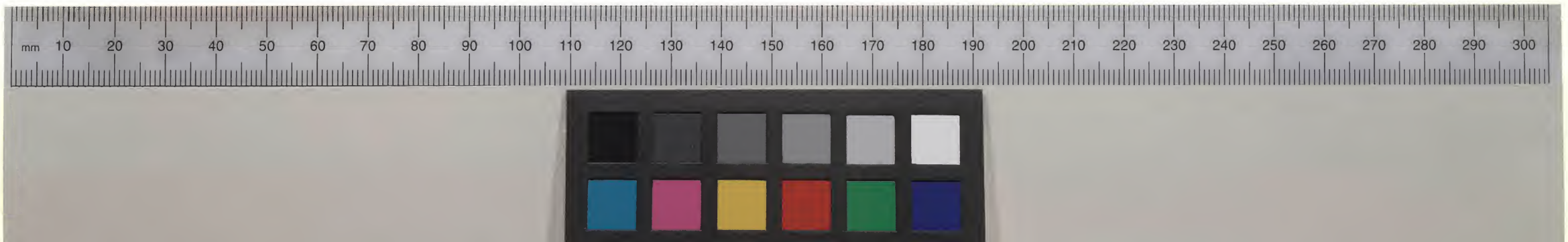

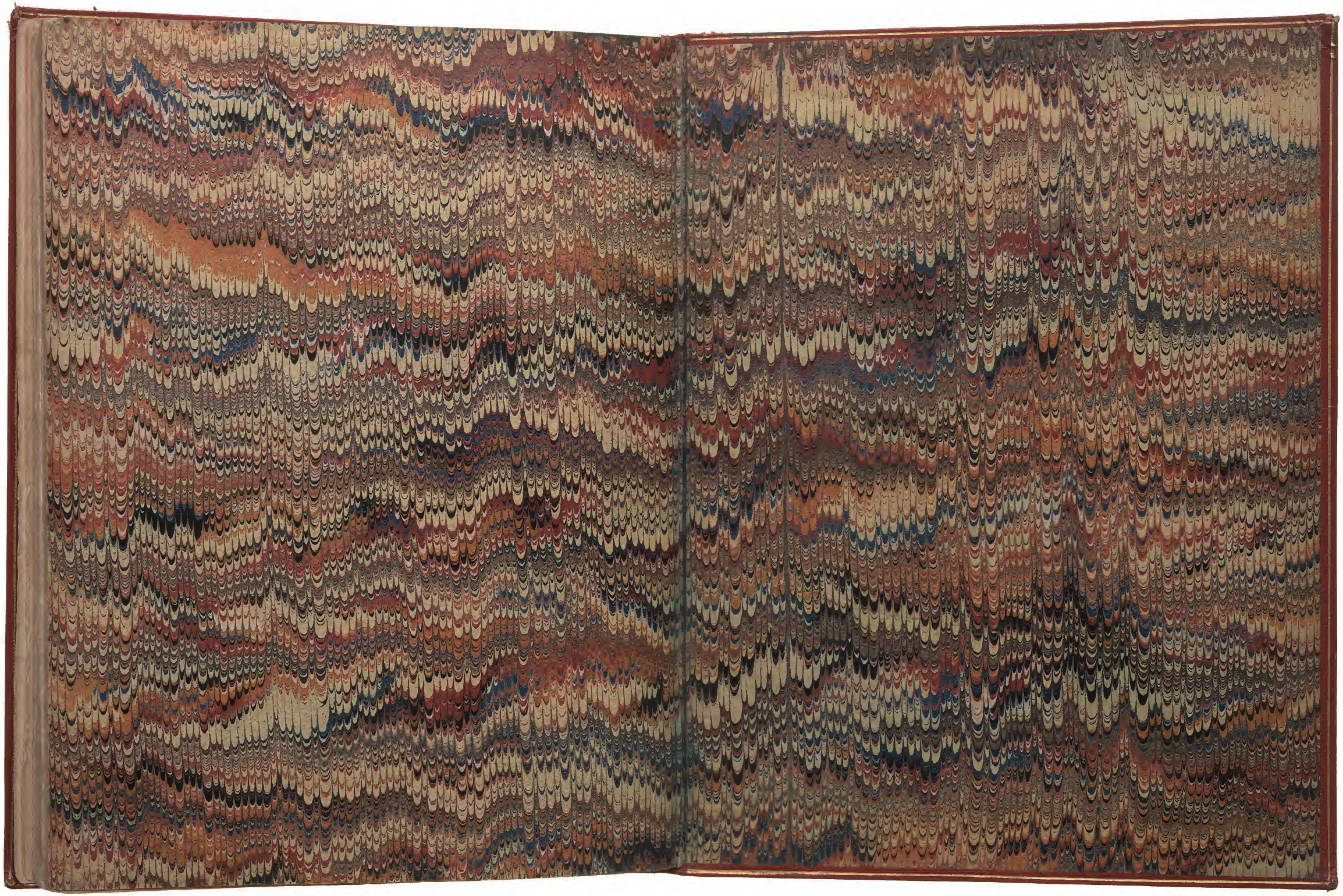

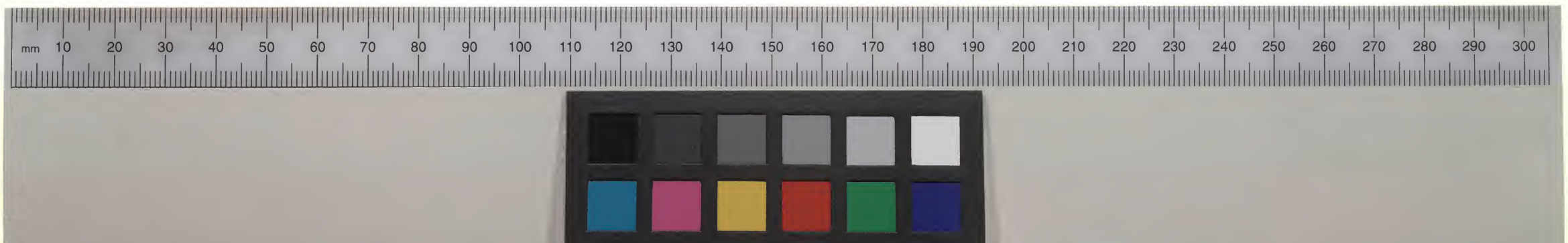
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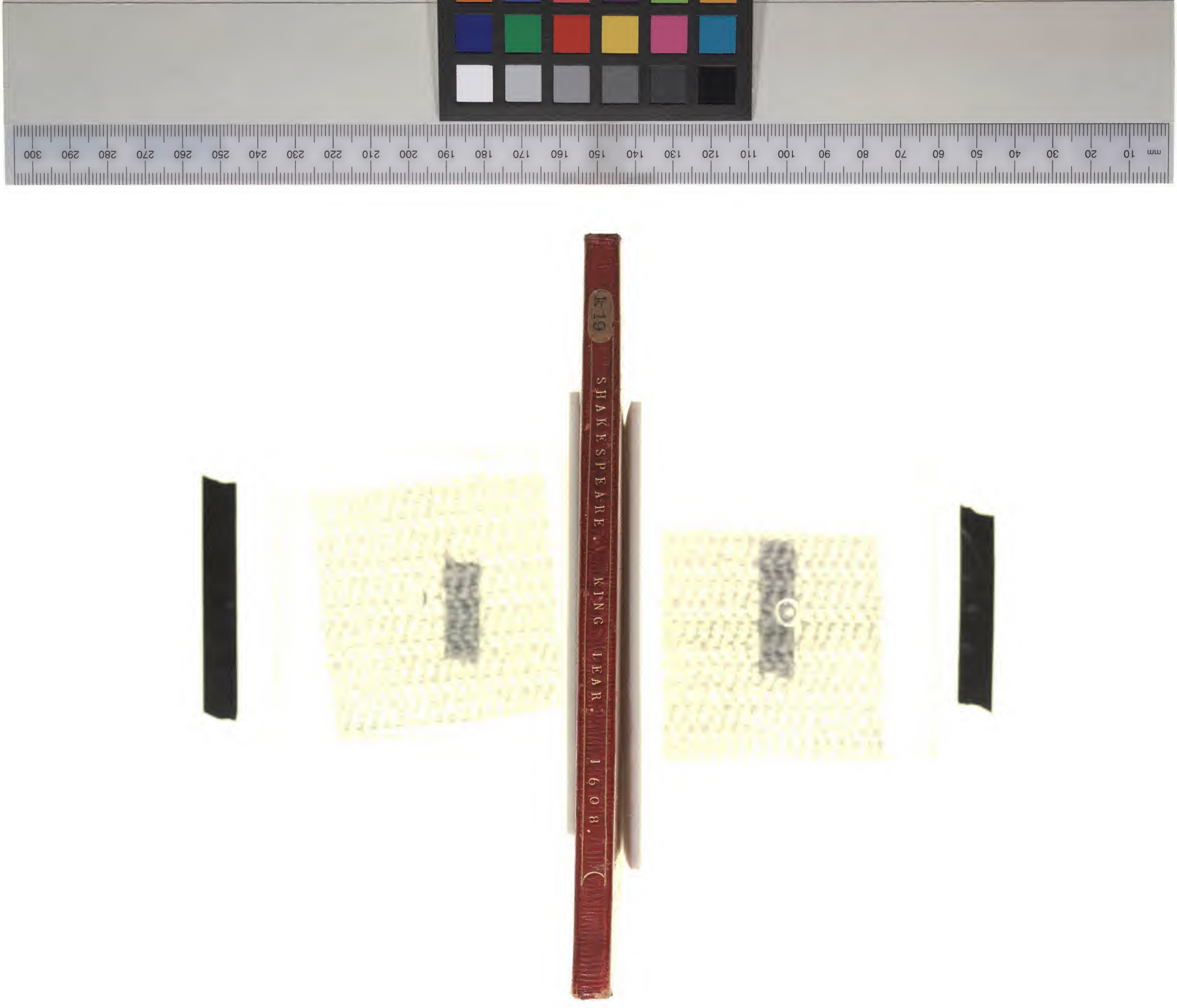
k 19
SHAKESPEARE, KING LEAR, 1608.